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THE STRUGGLE WITH THE CROWN

(1603-1715)

BY

E. M. WILMOT-BUXTON F.R.Hist.S.

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF THE CRUSADES" "BRITAIN LONG AGO" "THE BOOK OF RUSTEM" ETC.

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INTRODUCTION

IN the days of the Stuart kings, about three hundred years ago, one of the greatest and most important changes known to British history began to take place.

The change was *the passing of the governing power from the King to Parliament.* Such an event would have been remarkable enough if it had been part of some vast movement that was operating throughout Europe. It is still more remarkable in that it was confined to England only; that in England alone did this great change in the form of government take place.

It follows that the causes of the revolution must be looked for in England herself, in the life and character of the people of the land; and the more closely we can study these, and the more vividly realise them, the nearer we shall be to understanding why this change was bound to come, as well as how it came.

So we shall presently read in these pages something of the manner of ordinary life, the "social" condition of the English men and women of those days, and we shall see how this produced certain types of character, often differing very widely from one another. We shall watch the Cavalier riding past in his feathered

hat and long love-curls; and the Puritan, in his sad-coloured coat and wide-brimmed hat, walking with his eyes cast upon the ground. And later on we shall find these representatives of the two great political parties at close grips with one another in a civil war.

The characters of the kings of this period also will be full of interest: for though some degree of change in the form of government was bound to come, under almost any conditions, there is no doubt that the movement was hastened, and was far more thorough in its development, in consequence of the peculiar temperaments of the first two Stuart kings.

Now those of you who know something about Tudor times, and remember the immense amount of power that was kept in the hands of the Tudor sovereigns, may well wonder why things should be so very different only half-a-century later, in the hands of their immediate successors. Fancy the people of England planning to cut off the head of Henry VIII., however much they disapproved of his method of government! Such a thing is impossible to imagine. Or picture to yourself almost the whole of the east of England preparing to fight against the west on behalf of Parliament in the days of Elizabeth. Again you say, and rightly, that such an idea is absurd. Yet both these things happened within forty years of the death of the great Tudor queen, under monarchs by no means as high-handed or despotic as any of the Tudors. How then are we to account for it?

Well, in the first place, the England of the Stuarts differed from Tudor England in that the nation had learnt the power of strength that comes from a *national spirit of unity*.

INTRODUCTION

When Henry VII. came to the throne, you remember that the land was torn into factions and parties, and that the one thing it asked of him was a "strong governance," such as should bring peace and rest to a people worn out by thirty years of civil war. How this should come mattered little, and they were ready to put up with any amount of despotism, even of tyranny, in order to get the security they so badly needed. In return for this, the Tudor sovereigns expected unquestioning loyalty from the nation; and so, for the first time, England found it to her advantage to combine all classes and parties into one great whole.

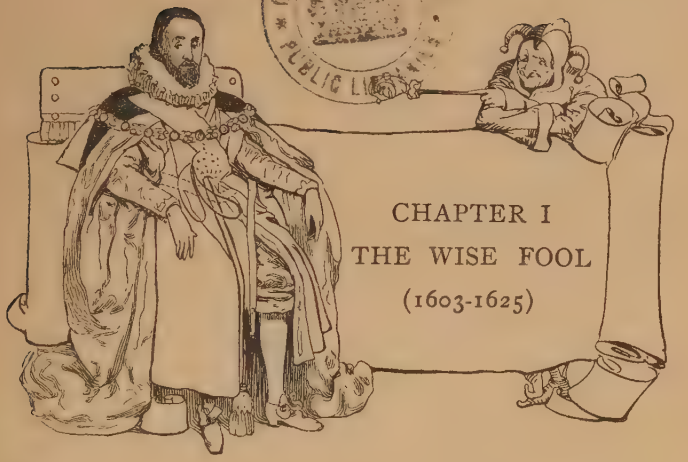
This unity was, as you no doubt have noticed, the secret of England's greatness by water and land in those days, when the sovereigns of Europe competed for her favour, and when the English flag rode triumphant over the seas. But when once a nation has learnt its own power, has "grown up," as it were, a change is bound to come in the methods by which it is governed. And the sovereign who tried to rule a strong and united people on the same lines as in its days of weakness and disunion, would be no wiser than the parent who would treat his grown-up son exactly as he does his child and expect the same unquestioning obedience from him.

It was not only this experience of national strength, however, that lay at the root of the spirit of independence which animated the Stuart Period. A still stronger influence was the change that had come about in the religious ideas and education of the people. The Renaissance and the Reformation, those twin movements of the sixteenth century, had, to put it very

briefly, taught men to think for themselves. Not only the Puritans, as the Protestants were called in those days, but also the Roman Catholics, were affected by this spirit of liberty in thought and action; for the Roman Catholic Church, though still perfectly loyal to the Pope as its head, had itself passed through a Reformation movement during the latter years of the sixteenth century. It only needed a breath of persecution, in both directions, to fan this spark of liberty into a flame of independence that was to overset a throne.

These were the two great causes that had changed the spirit of the nation. The England of the Tudor Henrys had been weak and diffident, anxious only for a ruler who would drive people blindfold into the paths of peace. The England of Elizabeth showed the beginnings of the change, and the Queen, in her wisdom, recognised it at once, and preferred to lead, rather than drive, her people. At her death the nation was well aware of its own strength, and ready to claim a share in its own government. Such a crisis required the new ruler to be, above all, a man of wide outlook and sympathy; a man devoid of prejudice, though strong of principle; a man who was prepared to face a new order of things without altogether discarding the good points of the old; above all, a man of strength, courage and tact.

And, in place of such a one, there sat upon the English throne James Stuart, nicknamed by his brother king, Henry IV. of France, the Wisest Fool in Christendom.



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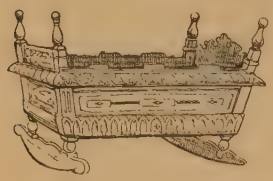
CHAPTER I
THE WISE FOOL
(1603-1625)

THE last of the Tudor sovereigns, great in spite of her many faults, died on the 24th March 1603; and within a few hours, before the Palace of Whitehall, the accession of James I. was proclaimed. The faces of the assembled crowds showed nothing but relief at the news. True, they knew little of the new King, and had shown small favour to his mother, the unhappy Mary, Queen of Scots; but there had been talk of an invasion from the still dreaded Spain on behalf of the Infanta Isabella, daughter of Philip II., and with the accession of James this fear passed away. Moreover, all they knew of James was in his favour. He had been a king almost from his cradle, and had therefore wide experience; he was known to be learned; and he had managed to live at comparative peace in his own land, even with the "Lords of the Congregation," the strong-

willed Presbyterians, who thought themselves free to lay down the law even to their sovereign. Two of the three religious parties in England—the Roman Catholics and the Puritans—had some cause for uneasiness as to their treatment at his hands. But the former put their trust in a King whose mother had been an ardent Catholic, and the latter reminded themselves that James, from his birth, had been brought up in the principles of what was called Nonconformity in England, but in Scotland was now the religion of the country. The third party, that of the Anglican Church, was content to wait in silence, confident in its own strength even more than in the King.



James I.'s Cradle

Masquer's Dress

Next to the religious question, that which exercised men's minds most was the conjecture as to how the new King would deal with his Parliament. Would he, like Elizabeth, give way to the latter when it made a firm stand? Or was it true that he had already shown unmistakable signs in Scotland of a desire to make his rule despotic? An incident that took place during the journey of James to London was not altogether reassuring on this point. As he passed through Newark he saw a pickpocket caught red-handed in the crowd, and at once gave orders that the man should be hanged without any kind of trial. Such a breach of the first

principles of English law might well give his subjects pause.

Still, nothing in those days could seriously mar the popularity of the King, not even his personal appearance, nor his rough, uncouth manners. Here is a description of the former from a writer of the time, which may, however, have been a good deal exaggerated.

"He was of middle stature, more corpulent through his clothes than in his body, yet fat enough; his clothes ever being made large and easy, the doublet quilted so as to be proof against stilettos; he was naturally of a timorous disposition, which accounted for his quilted doublets; his eye large, ever rolling after any stranger who came in his presence. His beard was very thin; his tongue too large for his mouth, which made him drink very uncomely, as if eating his drink, which came out into the cup at each side of his mouth. His skin was as soft as taffeta sarsenet; which felt so because he never washed his hands, only rubbed his finger ends slightly with the wet end of a napkin. His legs were very weak, which weakness made him ever leaning on other men's shoulders; his walk was ever circular."

Portrait of James I.

"*Which weakness made him ever leaning on other men's shoulders.*" Those are the words which strike the keynote of James' character. He could not exist without a "favourite" upon whom he could "lean" mentally, as well as physically.

Fortunately for him, the man upon whom he depended for the first nine years of his reign was Robert

Cecil, one of Elizabeth's clever and industrious ministers, who knew how to keep his royal master out of difficulties. With him at his back, James could take a strong line in dealing with the three problems of the day—the Roman Catholics, the Puritans, the Parliament.

"How happy I think myself," he wrote to Cecil, when he first heard of the death of Elizabeth, "by the conquest of so faithful and so wise a counsellor, I reserve to be expressed out of my own mouth to you."

The Roman Catholics were the first to lay their case before the King. Their grievance was a very real one. All public worship, according to their own service book, was forbidden to them, and not only priests but people who were present at even private services could be executed for treason. If they refused to attend the services of the English Church they were called "recusants," and could be imprisoned till they submitted. The forfeit of part of their lands was always hanging over them, and heavy fines were regularly exacted for lack of attendance at public worship on Sundays. In an old country house in Sussex, some nine miles from Brighton, you may see behind the kitchen chimney a narrow staircase, leading to a tiny room, barely large enough for a tall man to lie outstretched. It is lighted only by two small holes in the outer wall, and is quite invisible from the outside of the house.

This is a "Priest's Hole," a secret chamber built to conceal some unhappy man who, by celebrating Mass, had brought the death penalty on his head. His friends gave him shelter at the risk of their own lives, and had often to look on while the officers, in searching for him, carried off their goods or destroyed their

furniture. They dared not complain, and were only too thankful if they had succeeded in smuggling the hunted friend away to some similar hiding-place before his presence was detected.

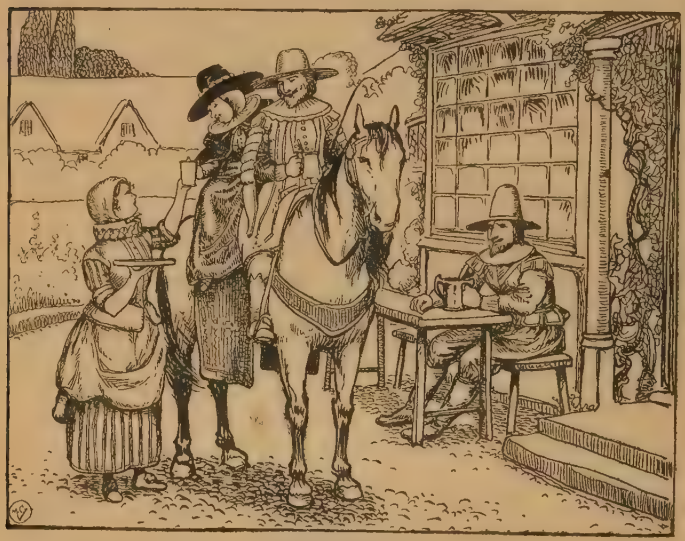
While the succession of James to the throne was still uncertain, there seemed good hope of toleration for the Catholics. "It were pity," wrote the Earl of Northumberland, their chief representative, to James, "to lose so good a kingdom for not tolerating a mass in a corner," and the answer of James was distinctly promising. But when he found that he was accepted as King without any demur whatever, another tale was told.

"Na, na," he said, "we'll not need the Papists now." Within a few weeks of the King's arrival in London a foolish, pointless plot gave him an excellent excuse for severity. It was proposed by some Catholics that, as the King had shown his hand by enforcing the fines for "recusancy," he should be seized and kept in custody till he consented to grant toleration. They meant to smuggle him by a stratagem into the Tower, take possession of the latter, force James to give up forts and castles all over England, and practically to hold the kingdom till he should place Catholics on an equal footing with Anglicans.

But this plot was betrayed by one Gerard, a Jesuit priest, who believed it utterly wrong to plot against the King; and, as the conspirators numbered but a few, James appeared at the time to take little note of it.

Presently, however, rumours began to spread of another Catholic conspiracy, involving the name of no less a person than Elizabeth's famous seaman-courtier, Sir Walter Raleigh.

The whole of the plot is still wrapt in mystery, but its aim was apparently to set Arabella Stuart, cousin of James, upon the throne, by the aid of Spain; and there was talk of "killing the king and his cubs." Raleigh was thrown into prison on suspicion, though



The Wayside Inn

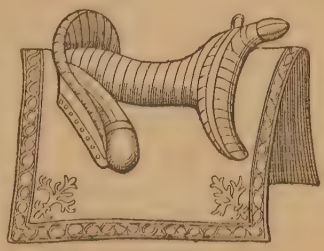
nothing could be actually proved against him, and then brought to trial.

In those days it was a matter of the utmost difficulty for a suspected person to obtain acquittal. Nowadays, the law of Britain considers a man innocent until a crime is proved against him; in the Stuart days it was exactly the reverse. To us, at this lapse of time, it seems impossible to believe that Raleigh, the sworn foe and vanquisher of Spain, could, under any circum-

stances, have helped to plan a Spanish invasion of England; and no evidence to that effect was ever produced. But Raleigh was condemned to death, and only at the last moment was his sentence changed to a lifelong imprisonment in the Tower.

There for a time we leave him, restless enough in such close captivity, and trying in vain to console himself by writing a "History of the World."

As long, however, as the idea of toleration continued to be distasteful to James, the air of England was bound to be full of plots. The Roman Catholic party had, as we have seen, a very real grievance, and was fairly strong in numbers. Persecution has in all ages been the greatest incentive to religious faith and courage, and such were not wanting now. Moreover, in the eyes of these people, James, as a heretic and a usurper, was fair game, and some of them no longer hesitated at the thought of effecting his removal even by a great crime.



Sadel

During the early part of the year 1604, the hopes of the Papists had been raised by the King's treatment of the Puritans. Not only were the petitions of the latter rejected, and their representatives "soundly rated" by James, but toward the end of the year all those clergy who refused to "conform"—that is, to hold the services of the English Prayer Book and to declare their belief in the doctrines contained in it—were turned out of their livings. The suspicion that they wished to do away

with the authority of bishops, and to introduce "elders" in their place, as the Presbyterians had done in Scotland, was at the root of James' prejudice against them. "*No Bishop, no King*," became henceforth one of his watchwords.

It was soon clear, however, that the whip of persecution had more than one lash. The Papists had lately increased in numbers to such an extent that James hastened to bring in a new and even more severe law against "recusants." For a short time it seemed as though the possibility of peace being made with Catholic Spain would prevent this being put into force.

This peace was actually signed, and its proclamation was made in the city of London in the midst of sullen silence.

"God help our poor neighbours in Holland!" men muttered, as they turned away, for all the sympathy of England was with the gallant little country that was struggling for religious and political freedom against the Spanish foe.

To this, however, James, in his strong desire for peace, was blind. He even received with pleasure the suggestion of the Constable of Castile, the haughty ambassador of Spain, that Prince Henry, heir to the English throne, should marry the Infanta Anne, then heir to Spain. Not until he heard that the one essential condition was that the boy Henry must be sent to Spain, to be brought up as a Roman Catholic, did James realise the true aim and intention of the Spanish King.

At once the laws against English Papists began to be enforced with the utmost severity; and, as a result, a plot of a serious nature was set on foot.

Some months earlier a certain Robert Catesby had been one day brooding over the wrongs of his fellow-Papists, when a Catholic friend named Percy rushed into his room, full of indignation at James' treatment of the priests, and declaring that he had resolved to kill the King. Catesby quieted him by saying, "No, Tom, thou shalt not adventure to small purpose; but, if thou wilt be a traitor, thou shalt be to some great advantage."

Thus began a conspiracy, which by the end of the year 1604 had so far matured its plans that a building had been hired next the Parliament House by Percy, in the name of a Yorkshire gentleman, of Spanish descent, named Guy Fawkes, who pretended to be his servant. At that time it was known only to three out of the five conspirators that Catesby's plan was to blow up King and Parliament when they met in February 1605.

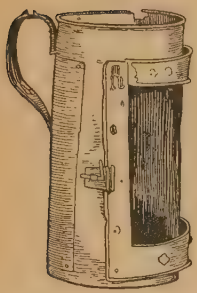
The Gunpowder Plot Conspirators

In November a fourth conspirator, Robert Keyes, was admitted to their confidence, and a little before Christmas these men, working secretly, and by night, began to remove the wall which lay between the cellar of Fawkes' house and that of the Parliament. By this time they had decided that the young Prince Henry must be destroyed with his father, and the little Princess Elizabeth secured, that she might be brought up as a Papist.

THE STRUGGLE WITH THE CROWN

The news that Parliament was prorogued till October was welcome, for the work before them was no light one. Other conspirators had to be admitted to the secret in order to help, for, besides the difficulty of making a way through the nine feet of wall, water was continually flowing in and swamping their work. One day, as they were hard at work, they heard movements close by, apparently on the farther side of the wall.

"We are discovered!" they whispered, pallid with fear; and Fawkes hastened silently away to investigate. He soon returned, his dark face lit with sardonic joy, to say that the noise proceeded from a Mrs Bright, who owned a cellar which ran right under the Parliament House, and who was selling off her stock of coals. He had suggested to her that she might let the cellar to him, or rather to Percy, saying that they wanted more room for their coal. She willingly agreed, and all they had now to do was to open a door between the house and cellar and to carry in the twenty barrels of powder they had gradually collected. Over these were placed several bars of iron, in order to make the explosion more serious, and a thousand billets of wood and five hundred faggots were laid on top. All was now in readiness for the assembling of Parliament.



Guy Fawkes' Lantern

Meantime there was great unrest and discontent among the English Papists. Conversions went on apace, and three men—not priests—were executed for teaching their faith to others. In England such teaching was impossible, but safe among the Welsh mountains crowds of country people assembled to hear

the words of Catholic priests. Everywhere was growing up amongst those of the ancient faith a deep dislike and disloyalty toward the King.

As October drew near, the conspirators realised that, in order to supply the necessary funds for their success, they must enlist some men of wealth among their members. Arthur Rokewood, a personal friend of Catesby, was approached, but hesitated on the score "that it was a matter of conscience to take away so much blood."

London Bellman

But when Catesby replied that "he had been resolved by good authority that the deed was lawful," he agreed to join him. Another acquaintance, a youth named Sir Everard Digby, followed suit, and finally they were joined by one Francis Tresham, a cousin of Catesby, whose wealth was so tempting to the conspirators that they overlooked the fact that his was not altogether a trustworthy character.

Their object was now clear. Digby was to hold a great hunting meet at Dunchurch on the day of the assembling of Parliament, which meet most of the Catholic gentry of the Midlands would attend. Directly the news of the explosion arrived, these were to ride to Coombe Abbey, eight miles away, to seize the Princess Elizabeth, a child of nine years old. If Prince Henry escaped his father's fate he was to be carried off to Worcestershire, where either he or his sister

was to be proclaimed sovereign. Open revolt on the part of the Catholics, with the aid of Spain if necessary, was to bring England into subjection.

The one difficulty was how to save the great Catholic nobles and their wives, who would be present at the opening ceremony, from being overwhelmed in the same fate as the rest. Hints were dropped to some, but the need of caution was so great that these were generally too veiled to be of real use. "Mr Catesby," we are told, "could not find it in his heart to go to see the Lady Derby or the Lady Strange at their houses, though he loved them above all others, because it pitied him to think they must all die."

Infantry Armour

But there was one among the conspirators who cared more for the safety of his relatives than for the success of the plot. Francis Tresham had already pleaded for the life of his brother-in-law, Lord Monteagle, and, when he found the rest were unwilling to risk their own safety for his sake, he determined to act on his own responsibility.

As Lord Monteagle was sitting down to supper one evening, in his town house, a lackey brought him a letter, given to him, he said, by a man whose face was hidden by his cloak. It was anonymous, and contained these words:

"My Lord, out of the love I bear to some of your friends, I would advise you to devise some excuse to

Guy Fawkes taken

shift of your attendance to this Parliament: for God and man hath concurred to punish the wickedness of this time. Retire yourself unto the country where you may expect the event in safety, for I say this Parliament shall receive a terrible blow and yet they shall not see who hurts them."

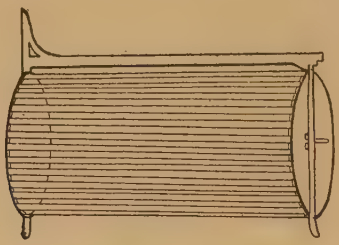
Monteagle, though a Catholic, was very loyal to the King, and he hastened with this letter to some members of the Government. They guessed that gunpowder was meant, but did nothing till the King arrived a few days later. He ordered a search to be made, and about eleven o'clock, on the night of 4th November, Sir Thomas Knyvett went down to the cellar, and was met at the door by Fawkes. Bidding his men hold the latter fast, he turned over the wood and coal, and soon came upon fourteen barrels of gunpowder. Then Fawkes threw up the game and confessed that he intended to blow up King and Parliament the very next day.

All was now lost, as far as the plot was concerned. Suspicions of Tresham had already put the rest on the alert, and the news that Fawkes had been seized sent them flying to Holbeche Manor, just over the borders of Staffordshire. Here some went their various ways, and the rest attempted to hold out against the sheriff and his officers. An accident with some gunpowder they were drying shook their nerves. They saw in it the finger of God, and lost heart.

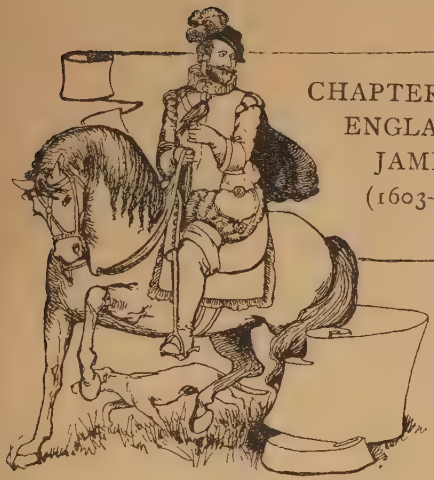
In the flight that followed, Catesby and Percy were killed and the rest taken prisoners, with most of their companions who were hidden in the district.

The courage of Fawkes under torture proved to be extraordinary. Nothing would make him betray his

fellows, not even when he was racked to a degree to which his crooked trembling signature bears ample witness. Gradually their names leaked out, how, we know not, and all who had survived, perished on the scaffold. They died as martyrs to their cause, according to their own ideas, but all England went mad in a "frenzy of horror and dread," and every hope of toleration for the Catholics was over.



The Whirligig. The prisoner was placed inside and spun round



CHAPTER II.—THE ENGLAND OF JAMES I (1603-1625)

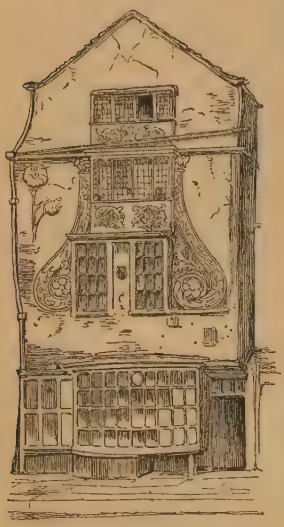
NOW that we have seen James, in spite of plots, seated firmly upon the throne, let us try to realise what was the ordinary life of the England he was to rule.

Perhaps the greatest difference between those days and these is that there were then no great cities, save London, in all the land. "The largest cities were still country towns, where the central market cross was never a mile from the orchards and fruit gardens that clustered outside the grey stone battlements, filled the empty moat, encompassed the new white suburb beyond and led over by pleasant paths to the open cornfield country."[1]

The houses in such country towns were possibly badly drained and inconvenient enough, with spiral staircases and odd passages here and there, but they were much

[1] Trevelyan: "England under the Stuarts."

more picturesque than the modern buildings, their fronts being decorated with oak-carvings, and sometimes with mottoes, such as those you may still see in Chester. Not only the inns, but every shop had over its door the sign of its trade, some of which, such as the barber's pole, the slung sheep of the wool-merchant and the three balls of the pawnbroker still exist. They were really necessary in those days, when few of the country people, at least, could read inscriptions. Bear-baiting, both with men and dogs, was one of the favourite amusements of rich and poor.



Old Timber House (Type of Building before the Fire)

In the days of James I. no great change had taken place since the time of Elizabeth in the life of the country gentleman. The "Jacobean" houses were generally of red brick and carved stone, with many picturesque gables outside, and fine large dining-halls within. The sundial was a conspicuous feature of the garden, since clocks and watches were still by no means common. Portraits adorned the walls—no other pictures were known—and there you might also see tapestry worked or woven by the ladies of the family, armour, weapons, and the horns and heads of deer.

Hunting was the chief amusement, and next to it stood fowling, not with the gun, but with the hawk and net. Any fine autumn morning you might see the squire ride forth with one or two hooded birds upon his

wrist, ready when their eyes were set free to soar up, hover over the prey, and then, descending, strike the cowering partridge or pheasant with unerring aim.

In Elizabeth's day, anyone was free to hunt and kill game on their own ground ; it was James who first set

Bear-baiting (Seventeenth Century)

on foot those "game laws," which have taken this privilege from all save the big landowners, and created the poacher in every countryside.

The wives and daughters of these country squires were busy people in those days. In their hands were the weaving of the household linen, the brewing of the "small beer," and most of the cooking and gardening, as well as fruit preserving and the distilling of perfumes—or extraction of perfume from flowers—a charming in-

dustry yet remembered in the word "still-room," though now scarcely ever practised.

They, too, went to the hunt or the hawking-ground, and visited each other riding "pillion" behind husband or brother or groom, over the rough country roads. But there was little idea of education for any save a few brilliant exceptions, who insisted upon classical or Italian study, and very few books to read save such long-winded romances as Sidney's "Arcadia." Music, however, was their delight, and to sing charming love songs set to equally charming tunes upon the harp or guitar was the aim of every accomplished dame and maid.

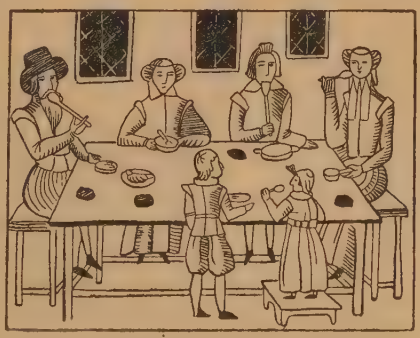
James I. hawking

Boys had only a slightly more systematic kind of education. If the son of a small squire, the lad would probably attend the nearest grammar school with the sons of the farmers and tradesmen of the market town, to his own great advantage. Men of higher rank had their boys taught by private tutors or sent them to be brought up in the household of some neighbouring lord, partly as attendants, partly to be educated with the other children of the castle. Very often the younger son, if he had brains, was sent to Winchester or Eton or Harrow, and from thence to Oxford or Cambridge, where his elder brother may have preceded him, not so much, in this case, to learn as to spend his time and

money in amusing himself in the most agreeable way. Nothing was taught the young scholar of those days but the classics, and as boys "went up" at a much younger age than at present, they were not exempt from the rod if they broke rules or made false quantities. An education at Oxford became especially fashionable after Prince Henry had been a student at Magdalen, and when it was known that the King himself, after visiting the famous Bodleian Library, had declared that "were he not King James, he would be a University man, and, that were it his fate ever to be a captive, he would wish to be shut up in this place as his prison, to be bound with its chains, and to consume his days among its books as his fellows in captivity."

Bacon Monument, St Michael's

Fiddle, said to have belonged to James I.



Family dining, Time of James I.

One change that

came about in the social condition of the people during James' reign had a marked effect on the manners and way of life of their descendants. During the Tudor Period there were very few new nobles made, or honourable titles given, and Elizabeth, especially by her own example, had discouraged anything like wasteful extravagance or pomp among the upper classes.

Penny of James I.

When James came to the throne he found few men of high rank and a very large number of country gentlemen, many of whom were eager to obtain "titles of nobility" which they were quite wealthy enough to maintain, and which James was ready enough to sell "for a consideration." This lavish bestowal of new dignities, however, led to a desire for show and luxury and rivalry in every kind of expense, which soon made a very marked difference between the England of the Tudors and that of the Stuarts. The change is well described in a ballad of the day, some verses of which run as follows:—

THE OLD AND YOUNG COURTIER

An old song made by an aged old pate
Of an old worshipful gentleman who had a great estate,
That kept a brave old house of a bountiful rate
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate
Like an old courtier of the queen
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old study filled full of learned old books
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him by his looks,

With an old buttery-hatch worn quite off the hooks
And an old kitchen that maintained half-a-dozen old cooks,
Like an old courtier, etc.

With an old hall hung about with pikes, guns and bows,
With old swords and bucklers, that had borne many shrewd blows,
And an old frieze coat, to cover his trunk hose,
And a cup of old sherry to comfort his old nose,
Like an old courtier, etc.

Anne, Queen of James I.

He to his eldest son his house and land assigned
Charging him in his will to keep the bountiful old mind,
To be good to his old tenants and to his neighbours be kind,
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was inclined,
Like a young courtier of the king's
And the king's young courtier.

With a new-fashioned hall, built where the old one stood,
Hung round with new pictures, that do the poor no good,
With a fine marble chimney, where burns neither coal nor wood,
And a new smooth side-board, whereon never victuals stood.
Like a young courtier, etc.

With a new study stuffed full of pamphlets and plays
And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays,
With a new buttery-hatch, that opens once in four or five days,
And a French cook to devise fine kickshaws and toys.
Like a young courtier, etc.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,
On a new journey to London straight we must all be gone,
And leave none to keep house, but our new porter John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a stone.
Like a young courtier, etc.

THE STRUGGLE WITH THE CROWN

With new titles of honour bought with his father's old gold,
For which sundry of his ancestors' old manors are sold :
And this is the course most of our new gallants hold
Which makes that good housekeeping is now grown so cold
Among the young courtiers of the king,
Or the king's young courtiers.

PERCY'S "Reliques."

A CURIOUS point about James I. is his fondness for "watchwords" or, rather, short, pithy sentences containing his opinion on certain important matters. Thus "*Beati pacifici*"—Blessed are the peacemakers—explains his treatment of foreign affairs; and on "*The Divine Right of Kings*" rests his theory of government in dealing with his parliaments.

But the real secret of his conduct with regard to both these matters lies in the character of the "Favourite"—he "upon whose shoulders the King was wont to lean."

The first of these, after the death of Cecil in 1612, was a Scotsman named Robert Carr. Writing to a friend, a certain noble says of him, "Carr hath all the favours, the King teacheth him Latin every morning, and I think some one should teach him English too, for as he is a Scottish lad he hath much need of better language. This young man doth much study all art and device; he hath changed his tailors many time

and all to please the Prince (Charles), who laughs at the fashion of our courtiers and wishes for change every day. The Prince leans on his arm, pinches his cheek, smooths his ruffled garments and looks at Carr while he directs his discourse elsewhere."

This young man, soon to be made Earl of Somerset, became a tool in the hands of the Spanish ambassador, Gondomar, who used him to persuade James to make an alliance with Spain. He told the King that if a marriage could be arranged between Prince Charles, now heir to the throne, and the Spanish princess, all James' debts should be paid, and this mightily appealed to one who was always in need of money.

The Countess of Somerset

But the insolent pride of the favourite Somerset met with a terrible fall when his many enemies succeeded in bringing against him and his wife an accusation of poisoning his friend, Sir Thomas Overbury. This caused his ruin, for James was always, openly at least, on the side of the righteous, and for a time it seemed that the "Spanish party" in England would fall with the Earl.

Just at this crisis Sir Walter Raleigh comes once more upon the scene. Playing upon the King's craving for money, he asked for release in order to make a voyage to Guiana, and there to find and hand over to James, a gold mine which he knew to exist. At once Gondomar protested, saying that this was an attack on Spanish rights in Guiana. James, however, longing for the gold, promised that nothing should be done to harm Spain, declaring indeed that if Raleigh

injured her possessions in any way, he should be sent to Madrid to be hanged in the market square. How a little band of Englishmen were to pass through a hostile country and seize upon a disputed right without striking a blow he did not attempt to explain; and Raleigh went off in high spirits, with his commission in his pocket, longing to be once more at odds with his former foe.

The expedition was a failure from first to last. Raleigh was laid low by fever, and his friend, Captain Keymis, and young George Raleigh, his son, set out in command of the little band to the spot where the mine was supposed to be. They found the Spaniards in possession, and in the fight that followed, the lad was killed and Keymis had to retreat. Sorrowfully he faced the reproaches of poor Sir Walter, and afterward went in silence to his cabin and stabbed himself through the heart. A broken and disappointed man, Raleigh returned to England, and soon found himself again in deep disgrace within the Tower.

Sedan Chair

At this time the King was under the influence of a new favourite, Villiers, now Duke of Buckingham, and this young man, finding it to his advantage, threw in his lot with the Spanish party, and warmly supported Gondomar in his demand for vengeance upon Raleigh.

The King gave way, though he knew well that the attack could not have been avoided, sacrificed his own

subject to Spanish resentment, and sent Raleigh to the block.

"This is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all diseases!" said the brave old man, as he stood upon the scaffold and ran his fingers along the edge of the axe.

"What are you afraid of? Strike, man!" were his last words, as the executioner delayed to give the blow that was to end the days of one of Elizabeth's greatest heroes.

His quiet faith is shown in the lines said to have been written by him on the eve of his execution.

> "Even such is Time, that takes on trust
> Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
> And pays us but with earth and dust;
> Who in the dark and silent grave,
> When we have wandered all our ways,
> Shuts up the story of our days:
> But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
> My God shall raise me up, I trust."

In that same year, 1618, there began in Europe that terrible conflict between the Protestant and Catholic princes of Germany known as the Thirty Years' War. Within the next year the former had elected as their leader Frederick of the Palatine, who had married the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James. And now all England stood on tiptoe of expectation to see what their King would do. Would he defend his son-in-law and take up arms for the Protestant cause in Germany? Or would he not dare thus to offend Spain and put an end to the hope of a Spanish marriage by fighting against the Catholics?

While James himself was considering these questions,

the German states over which he ruled were lost to Frederick.

Conscious that this was the direct outcome of the King's hesitation, the country showed its opinion very plainly at the earliest opportunity. For the past ten years James had called together no Parliament, save one which existed for a bare three weeks. But in 1621 need of money, and the wish to press on the Spanish marriage, forced the King to summon a Parliament. The members came together, anxious to hear his plans, and hoping to be told of a vigorous campaign to be made on behalf of Count Frederick. But James had nothing to propose; all he asked was money.

Soldier armed with Target

Suspicions were naturally roused, and it was soon proved that they were justified. The King was already planning with Gondomar to get back the Palatinate by means of the Spanish marriage, and when the Commons refused to entertain such an idea they were told "not to meddle with mysteries of state," and reminded that it was only by the royal favour that they were able to discuss the affairs of the nation at all. Against this remarkable view they naturally protested, and recorded the protest in their journals. This record was sent for, the protest torn out by the wrathful King, and the Parliament dismissed.

Thus did James carry out in practice his theory of government, which he had already expressed in these words: "Although a good king will frame his actions

to be according to law, yet he is not bound thereto, but by his own free-will and for example giving to his subjects."

In other words, the King, since he was "divinely appointed by God," was to be above all law.

Meantime, Frederick was left to his fate, while James, in one last effort to realise his pet scheme, sent Buckingham with Prince Charles to Madrid to try to arrange the marriage themselves.

A Lady Mayoress of London (after Hollar).

Setting out in disguise, the two young men went first to Paris, and there were present at a "masque," or opera, at which Charles was much struck by the beauty of the French child, Princess Henrietta Maria, who was to be his future bride. Yet that was quite in the future, and Charles hurried on to Spain, where, however, he was to meet with failure.

The Infanta, a good, religious, narrow-minded girl, was aghast at the thought of marrying one of a different faith. Charles, for his part, would not hear of changing his religion, and any hope of a compromise was ended by the behaviour of his companion, Buckingham. So arrogant were the manners of the favourite that the haughty Spanish courtiers became highly offended, and did their utmost to get him dismissed from the country. Charles was not only furious at this treatment of his friend, but saw clearly enough that the Spanish princess would never consent to be his wife. He therefore returned with Buckingham to England, and at once began to scheme for a war with Spain on

the one hand, and a marriage with the French Princess on the other.

This, without any merit of his own, brought Buckingham, well known to be at the bottom of both plans, into the full glare of public favour, and just at that time, in March 1625, King James fell ill and died.

He had succeeded in sowing a fine crop of troubles for his son Charles, a young man of twenty-five, to reap. Moreover, the influence of Buckingham was still strong upon the new King, and all his early troubles may be traced to this source. Had it been otherwise, his noble appearance, charm of feature, personal courage, and virtuous life might well have entitled him to the love and respect of his subjects. But unfortunately he had been brought up in his father's doctrine concerning the "divine right of kings," and could not see that the time for such notions had already passed away. Thus everything was against Charles from the beginning. Even his pretty French girl-wife, full of caprice and impulse, helped by her foolish counsels to drag him from the paths of safety.

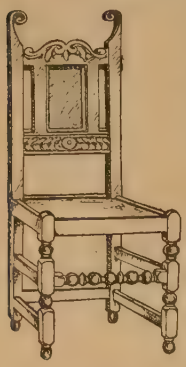
Charles I.

The first four years of the reign saw a constant struggle between King and Parliament upon the question of supplies, and upon that of the foreign policy of the King and his chief adviser, Buckingham.

The popularity of the latter had soon waned, and even a Spanish war fell into disfavour when English-

men realised that its one object was to avenge a private feud of the hated minister. Yet Buckingham succeeded in persuading Charles to send out an expedition against Cadiz, hoping thus to win glory for his master and himself. But the ships and provisions were both bad, the men fell sick of a pestilence, and the leader brought back the expedition in haste, lest there be too few men to work the ships.

All that Buckingham had done was to bring disgrace upon England, to "dim the old renown of the English at sea and to abate Spanish fear of English attack." It was small wonder that the second Parliament of Charles demanded his dismissal as "an enemy of church and state."



Oak Chair

It was probably with the idea of restoring his favourite to popularity that Charles now conceived the idea of breaking off his alliance with France, and taking up the defence of the Huguenot or Protestant party in that land.

France was then practically ruled by the great Cardinal Richelieu, who was determined to put down the rebellious Huguenots with a strong hand. His latest move had been to attack them in their fortress of La Rochelle, whence the inhabitants sent a bitter cry for help to England.

Such an expedition would serve to recover England's mastery of the sea, for France had no navy to speak of; and its success would do much to restore the popularity of its leader. So Buckingham set out to the Island of

The Assassination of the Duke of Buckingham

Rhé, which faces La Rochelle, meaning to wrest it from the French and make it his base for naval operations. Once again, however, he utterly failed. Fierce gales drove back into port the ships sent out to his aid; his men were lazy and undisciplined; supplies were not forthcoming, and an attack upon the chief town of the island ended miserably. Once again a return was made without honour, success, or booty to justify the undertaking.

Mug (Slip Ware)

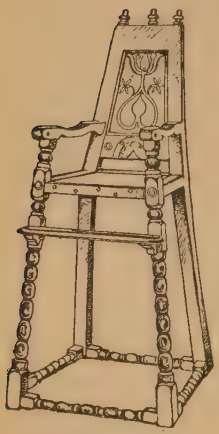
It was no wonder that Parliament, when it met, refused to grant money until "grievances had been redressed." Buckingham was openly named as the cause of all the trouble, and the King was called upon to sign a Petition of Right. The importance of this document was that it would make illegal all direct taxation at the King's will and pleasure without the consent of Parliament, and to this Charles most unwillingly agreed. It was a direct blow at his father's theory of "divine right," and his first defeat in the struggle between Absolute and Constitutional government.

The war with France was still afoot; and, as affairs stood, the King and Buckingham were left to carry it on without money.

Rochelle was at its last gasp; and in August of that year, 1628, Charles himself went down to Portsmouth to hasten on the preparations for its relief. Buckingham followed a few days later, and was standing talking to one of his officers in a hall, when a man rushed up and plunged a knife into his heart. Almost immediately he expired.

His murderer, Felton, a lieutenant in the army, made no attempt to escape, but gloried in a deed which he declared would save his country from destruction. The people of London took much the same view. "Bravo, little David!" they cried, hailing him as the "deliverer of Israel," when he was taken in chains through the streets to the Tyburn gallows.

The fleet that Buckingham would have led sailed for Rochelle under the Earl of Lindsey. Finding it hopeless even to approach the besieged city, the latter sent an officer to negotiate with the great Cardinal, who took the Englishman over the place, showed him that relief was impossible, and promised that the Huguenots should not be persecuted if they would submit. But the curious obstinacy of the King is seen in the fact that when this same officer returned to him bringing this information, Charles ordered him to return, and at all costs to force the French to raise the siege. Before he could even arrive, Rochelle had surrendered and England had retired from the scene without even the credit of having done her best in a lost cause.



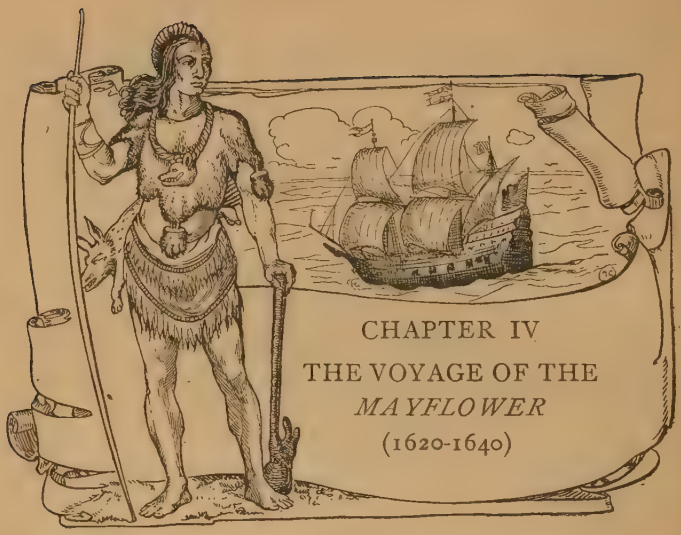
Child's Arm-chair

Thus far (1603-1628) the first twenty-five years of the Stuart Period have been inglorious and uneventful enough. The next twenty-five were to see some of the greatest changes in the story of her King and people that England has ever known. Before we turn to

them, however, there is one thing to be noted and remembered.

Side by side with all the trouble and unrest at home, there was going on across the seas a steady movement of colonisation that was to form the foundation of a great country in future years. And of this we shall read in our next chapter.

Stocks



CHAPTER IV

THE VOYAGE OF THE *MAYFLOWER* (1620-1640)

WE saw in the last chapter that James had shown himself wholly indifferent to the hopes and wishes of his Puritan subjects. Many of these, in consequence, left the English Church, and became known as Nonconformists, because they did not "conform" to her doctrines and ritual. This laid them open to persecution almost as bitter as that directed against the Papists; and at length a little band of them left their native country and emigrated to Holland, then fighting her own battle for religious freedom. Finding no scope there, a number of men, women and children embarked in the year 1620 upon a ship called the *Mayflower*, and "lifting up their eyes to Heaven, their dearest country," sailed across the Atlantic to the coast of North

America, explored in bygone years by the seamen of Elizabeth's day.

The land was ice-bound near the sea, and farther inland was covered with such thick forests that it seemed hopeless to penetrate them. Presently, how-

A Nonconformist in the Pillory

ever, they found a clearing made by some long-vanished settlers, which provided "good soil, a good harbour, plenty of wood near at hand, and a sweet brook"; and this spot became the first home of these "Pilgrim Fathers," and was called by them *New Plymouth*, the nucleus of the future states of *New England*.

For the first few years their chief danger lay in the fierce Red Indian tribes who inhabited the forests all around. They tried to make friends with them by

gifts and advances, but on one occasion the only answer they received to these was a rattlesnake's skin full of arrows, well known to be a signal of war.

In dismay, the settlers were prepared to offer any terms of peace, but one of their leaders, Miles Standish by name, snatched up the snake-skin, flung out its contents, and filling it with powder and bullets, handed it back to the Indian "brave," saying, "Take it! Here is your answer!"

This is how the poet Longfellow tells the tale:

MILES STANDISH'S ANSWER TO THE INDIAN BRAVE

"'Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth.
War is a terrible trade, but in the cause that is righteous
Sweet is the smell of powder, and thus I answer the challenge!'
Then from the rattlesnake's skin, with a sudden contemptuous gesture,
Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and bullets,
Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the savage,
Saying in thundering tones, 'Here, take it! This is your answer!'
Silently out of the room then glided the glistening savage,
Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself like a serpent,
Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths of the forest."

Many a hard fight had thus to be fought, and many a hardship overcome before these New England states were firmly established.

Meantime, in another part of America, another movement of colonisation had been going on apace.

In the third year of the reign of King James (1606), a number of bankrupt, or otherwise broken-down, gentlemen of the Court, attracted by Raleigh's description of his now deserted colony of Virginia, set out on a voyage of exploration. They found a very different

spot from that chosen by the austere Puritans. The climate was delightful. "The mildness of the air, the fertility of the soil, the situation of the rivers, are so propitious to the nature and use of man, as no place is more convenient for pleasure, profit, and man's sustenance."

But these derelict gallants had no mind to work: they "looked upon labour as a degradation"; and only the force of character shown by their leader, Captain John Smith, induced them to lift a finger to help themselves.

Captain John Smith

He himself "went actively to work to build the town, and induced the men to build, to mow, and to thatch, working as hard himself as the commonest man among them; and in a short time most were provided with a lodging."

This beginning of their future capital was called *Jamestown* in honour of the King; but before long it seemed likely to come to an untimely end through the death of their leader.

Smith had rowed up the river with two companions to explore the forest region, when, owing to the rash disobedience of these men, a crowd of Indians in full war-paint descended upon them, killed the two unfortunates, and carried off Smith to a similar fate in their camp. His ready wit came to his aid, however, and taking out a pocket-compass he began to use it as a burning-glass in such a fashion that they wished to

worship him as a god, and readily allowed him to send a letter to Jamestown. But the mind of the savage is very changeable, and presently they dragged him to the hut of Powhatan, their chief, "where, before a fire, on a seat like a bedstead, sat the king, covered with a robe of skins. On either hand did sit a young wench of sixteen or eighteen years, and along on each side the house, two rows of men, and behind them as many women, with all their heads and shoulders painted red. Many of their heads were bedecked with the white down of birds, and a great chain of white beads about their necks. After a long consultation two great stones were placed before Powhatan, then as many as could lay hands on Smith dragged him to them and thereon laid his head, and stood ready to beat out his brains."

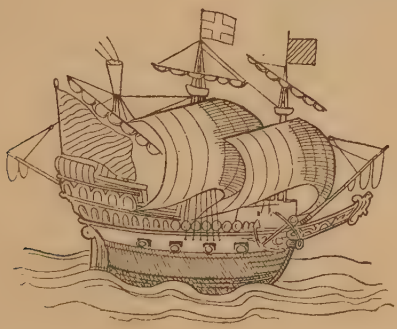
Leather Water-bottle, English

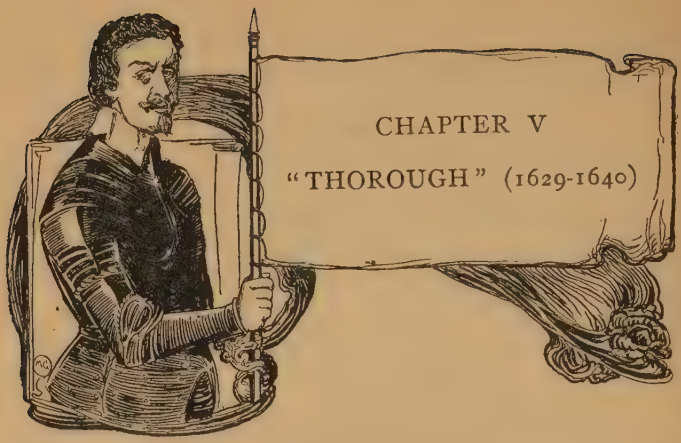
But a deliverer was at hand. The "king's dearest daughter," Pocahontas, having pleaded in vain for his life, "took him in her arms and laid her own head upon his to save him from death; whereat the king was content he should live, to make *him* hatchets, and *her*, bells, beads and coffers."

Thus, through Pocahontas, a most useful alliance was made with the Indian tribe. Later on she married an Englishman called Rolfe, who brought her to England and presented her at Court, where, as the "Belle Sauvage," she made a great sensation among the courtiers. Just as she was about to return she caught a chill, and died at Gravesend, where her grave may be seen to this day.

In order to be successful the colonists of Virginia had yet to learn the true meaning of Smith's message to his native land.

"*Nothing is to be expected thence but by labour*," he would say, when the greedy Home Government pressed him for gold and precious stones as the fruit of his enterprise. But this true secret of all colonisation was very slow to be realised, and it took many a long year to make the colony of Virginia a real success.





CHAPTER V

"THOROUGH" (1629-1640)

EVEN before the death of Buckingham, Charles had found another counsellor, and one much more after his own heart on whom to lean. One of the foremost members of the Parliament that had opposed the King in these first years of his reign had been Sir Thomas Wentworth, a reserved and haughty gentleman, proud of his good family and undoubted powers of mind. What led him to come over so entirely to the King's side is not easy to discover. It may have been ambition; it may have been the curious personal fascination that Charles exercised over those with whom he came into close contact.

Moreover, Wentworth was no Puritan, and he had small sympathy with many of his fellow-members, who were trying to make their religion their excuse for opposing the King. It was by his advice that Charles ruled for the eleven years that followed Buckingham's death (1629-1640) without any Parliament at all, for he

had persuaded him that the ideal form of government was not by means of King, Lords and Commons, but by a King, acting on the advice of "a few well-informed ministers rather than through an ill-informed Parliament."

Helmet, 1645

The loss of Wentworth was, of course, a great blow to the House of Commons, one of whose members, Pym by name, meeting him soon after his conversion, said grimly, "You have left us, Sir Thomas, but we shall never leave you while you have a head on your shoulders."

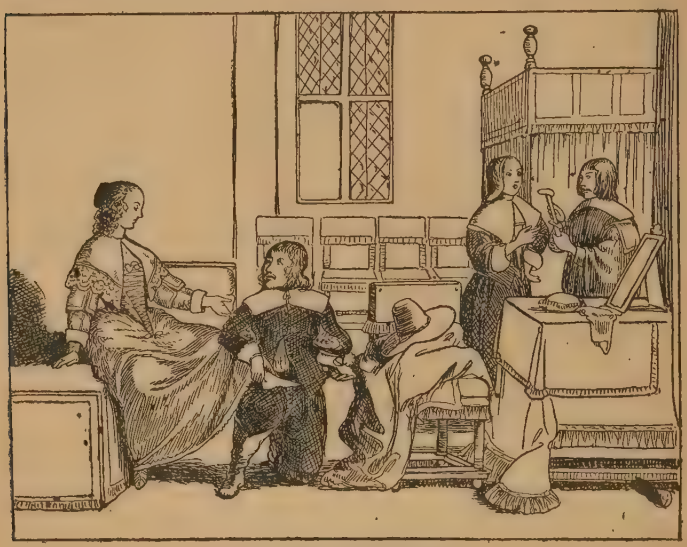
In the year 1633 Charles found another devoted adviser in William Laud, then made Archbishop of Canterbury. With the aid of these two men he at once set on foot two schemes—the reformation of Ireland and the restoration of order and discipline in the English Church.

Sign of the Ape and the Apple, Guildhall MS.

Ireland had been conquered by Elizabeth, but "there remained the harder task of reconciling the conquered with their fate, and raising a backward and half-ruined country to the same degree of civilisation as England" (Montague).

The sad religious feuds were one great difficulty, for Ireland was a Catholic country, and stoutly rejected the reformed faith as it was taught in England and forced upon them by their conquerors. The "plantations" were another obstacle to union; for, by the favourite plan of James, whole districts were taken

from the native Irish and handed over to be "planted," or settled, by Scottish or English emigrants. This meant that the Irish were practically turned out of their own country. A bitter cry arose for vengeance and for justice throughout the land. The result indeed was to



Lady buying Shoes (Hollar)

separate the Irish hopelessly from their conquerors, from whom they were already parted by a bitter hatred.

It was to a country seething with inward rebellion, though outwardly quiet enough, terribly poor, and without order or discipline, that Wentworth was appointed in 1633 as Lord Lieutenant. For seven years he ruled there "with a fearless and strong hand."

"Where I found a church, a crown, and a people spoiled," he says, "I could not think of redeeming them

with gracious smiles and gentle looks. It would cost warmer water than so."

He was not a man to do anything by halves, and "Thorough" became the name given to his plan of reform both in Ireland and in England, a plan depending entirely on the will of a despot.

Had Wentworth known the secret of winning the hearts of the Irish, his rule there would have been a great success. The land needed a strong governor, and might well have been grateful for the powerful arm that drove pirates from its coast, planted flax and showed the women how to weave it into linen, corrected the "hooligans" and turned them into smart young soldiers, and opened up new fields of trade. But the people hated him for his high-handed methods, and for his attempt to force the principles of the English Church upon them. They never understood him, or he them; and, meantime, his enemies in England were busy concocting charges against him, all based upon his supposed oppressive dealing, and upon the effect his counsel had upon the actions of the King.

Suddenly, in 1638, a thunderbolt fell; all Scotland rose in national resistance to Charles, and Wentworth was summoned in haste to his aid. Let us see what had been going on in England meantime to bring about this state of affairs.

With a want of tact that showed how little he realised the mind of his people, Charles had been irritating his subjects for some time past by his methods of raising money.

"Shipmoney," a tax now extended to inland counties as well as those on the coast, was exacted; and when a gentleman, named John Hampden, refused to pay

what, at the best, was only legal in time of war, a time-serving bench of judges declared that the King had the right to exact and command "as being the soul of the body politic."

All were indignant, but in those days none of this indignation could make itself heard save through a Parliament; and no Parliament was in existence. The actual opposition to the King came from another quarter, and from other causes.

A Puritan Gentleman

While Wentworth was busy in Ireland, Charles had been working hard with Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, to bring a spirit of reform and unity into the English Church.

Representing what is still known as the "Anglican party," Laud strove honestly to restore a dignified ritual and catholic doctrine such as had been held in the early days of Christianity, without any idea of submission to the Pope or belonging to the Roman Church. But the Puritans, men who refused to kneel at the Holy Communion or to bow at the Sacred Name, regarded his every act with deep suspicion, and bitterly opposed him whenever an opportunity arose.

Neither Laud nor his royal master could rest satisfied while Presbyterianism was the almost universal faith of Scotland. They began by placing the Scottish bishops in high political positions, which utterly offended the nobles, and ended by enforcing the English Prayer Book service and ritual, which caused an open riot among the people.

The Scots had no mind to conceal their feelings as

the English had so far done; they signed a *National Covenant* pledging each member to resist "Episcopacy," as the religion of the English Church was called; and then prepared for open war.

Thus they gave an example which was to set all England aflame and finally to cause the death of the King.

Scotch Woman (Hollar)

In despair for want of friends, Charles called his "Short Parliament" (1640), which, instead of granting money, at once began to voice the grievances of the nation. It was dissolved within three weeks, and Wentworth, now Earl of Strafford, was called upon for advice as to what to do next. His verdict was decisive.

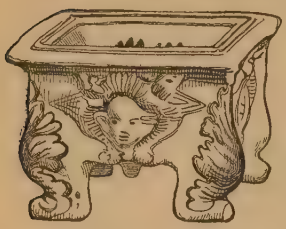
"*You have a right*," said he, "*to go on with the war, loose and absolved from all rules of government. You have an army in Ireland which you may employ here to reduce this kingdom.*"

This open declaration of his belief in a despotic government was to cost him his life.

We need not enter into the details of what has been known as the "Bishops' War" with Scotland. Had Strafford had his way, it would have ended in a forced submission to the King; but Charles, always inclined to compromise, and averse from severity, entered into negotiations, commanded Strafford to stop hostilities, and summoned what was to be known as the Long Parliament.

Now Strafford knew well enough what the first object of the Parliament was to be. "We are assembled to do God's business and the King's," one of the members had

declared ; and by this the Puritans meant that they were determined to get rid of Strafford and Laud. The Earl, brave as he was, even suggested to the King that he could serve him best in the future by returning for a time to his command in Ireland. But this Charles refused. "He could not spare him from Westminster," said he, "but as he was King of England he was able to secure him from any danger, and the Parliament should not touch a hair of his head."

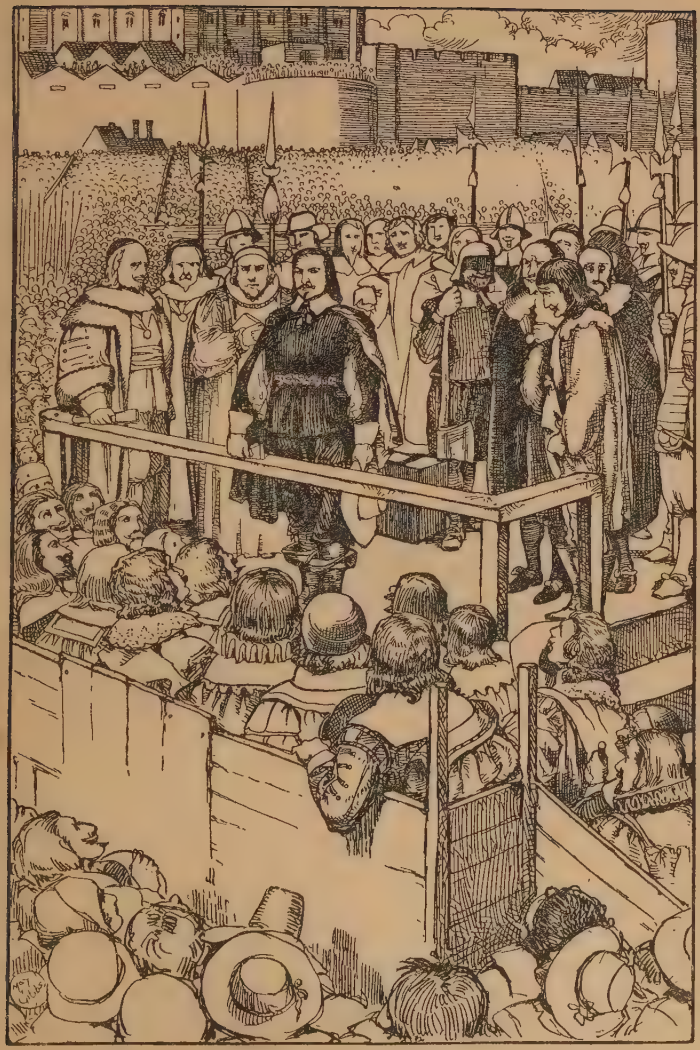


Salt-cellar

Scarcely had Strafford taken his seat in the House, "with a proud and gloomy countenance," when a clamour of voices bade him "void the place." None were found to hear his plea for liberty to defend himself. He left the House in custody on a charge of treason "against the kingdom, which is more against the King than that which is against his person," and was at once thrown into the Tower. A month later his captivity was shared by Archbishop Laud.

Legally, nothing could be brought against the man who had spent the best years of his life in the service of his King, and in what he considered to be the best for his country. But Strafford was bitterly hated as the instigator of Charles' despotic acts ; and his policy of "Thorough" was, rightly or wrongly, looked upon as only another word for tyranny. Failing to condemn him by ordinary methods, an Act of Attainder was brought against him, to which all that was needed was the King's consent.

But Strafford had good reason not to fear. Two days after the Bill had passed the Commons, Charles



The Execution of Wentworth

had written thus to him: "I assure you, on the word of a king, that though the misfortune that has fallen upon you renders it impossible that you should be employed hereafter in the royal affairs, yet you shall not suffer in life, honour, or fortune. This is but justice, and therefore but a very mean reward from a master to so faithful and able a servant as you have shown yourself to be. Yet it is as much as I conceive the present time will permit, though none shall hinder me from being your constant, faithful friend.—CHARLES R."

Yet Charles, brave enough in face of personal danger, was a coward before popular clamour. Pledged as he was by every tie of honour and gratitude to save his most faithful servant, he was already wavering before the angry mob that filled the palace-yard with cries of "Justice! Justice!" While he wavered, came a letter from the prisoner, pathetic indeed in its scarcely veiled wish to live, for the sake of his young children even more than his own; and yet strong in its chivalrous desire that the King should assent to his execution if it were best for his own safety.

"Sire, my consent shall more acquit you herein to God than all the world can do besides. To a willing man there is no injury done," he wrote, and at length the King signed the deed, groaning: "The Earl of Strafford is a happier man than I."

But life is sweet to all, and Strafford must have hoped to the last that Charles would not accept the sacrifice so freely offered; for when he was told that the King had signed he exclaimed with pardonable bitterness, "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the sons of men, for in them is no salvation."

Even his enemies were astonished at the King's treachery.

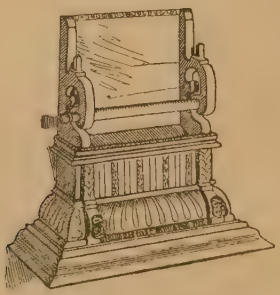
"Has he given us Strafford? Then he can deny us nothing!" was their cry.

His last request was for an interview with Laud, but this was refused. Told that he might petition Parliament for the favour, he replied haughtily, "No! I have gotten my despatch from them, and will trouble them no more."

Only once did his proud step falter as he passed next morning on his Way of Sorrows to the Tower Hill; and that was when he saw the withered hands of the old Archbishop stretched through the bars to give him a last blessing.

"God protect your innocency!" he cried, and went to his death with the look and step of a general marching at the head of his army.

"His head is off! His head is off!" yelled the mob as they saw him die. The death of Strafford was not, as Charles hoped, the end of his troubles, but rather the beginning. His alone was now the responsibility of his unwise acts; his also the burden of self-reproach for the sacrifice of his friend, a burden never lifted till his own death, eight years later.



Towel Roller in Carved Oak

CHAPTER VI

ROYALIST AND ROUNDHEAD
(1630-1642)

WE have come in the story of the Stuart Period to the threshold of the great Civil War a war between Parliament and King. The eleven years in which Charles had ruled as an absolute monarch had been years of rapid growth in the strength of Puritanism. The Puritans were now indeed almost identical with the "Parliament," for the members of the House of Commons who represented the spirit of revolt against King and bishop that had been gradually increasing in force during those silent years, were in the majority. On the King's side in the contest stood the Cavaliers, or Royalists, comprising most of the peers and the gentry of the north and west of England, as well as a certain number of the east and south. The majority of the middle class and trading population was Puritan or Roundhead.

Let us try to get some idea of the difference between

Killiecrankie Pass
R Tay
Tibbermuir
Perth
Magus Moor
Dunblane
Sheriffmuir
R Forth
Stirling
Glasgow
EDINBURGH
Dunbar
Berwick
NORTH
SEA
R Clyde
R Tweed
Philliphaugh
SCOTLAND
Newburn
R Tyne
Newcastle
North Channel
Londonderry
Carrickfergus
Carlisle
Firth
Solway
Bellast
Enniskillen
Newton Butler
IRELAND
Isle of Man
R Ouse
Ripon
York
Marston Moor
Hull
Boyne
Drogheda
IRISH SEA
R Ribble
Preston
Humber
Atherton Moor
Gainsborough
DUBLIN
Liverpool
R Trent
Anglesey
Winceby
Newark
The Wash
Nottingham
ENGLAND
R Welland
R Nen
Rodder
Birmingham
Naseby
Wexford
St George's Channel
Northampton
Cambridge
Worcester
R Severn
R Avon
Edgehill
WALES
Gloucester
Oxford
R Thames
Chalgrove
LONDON
Thames
Bristol
Roundaway Down
Brentford
Reading
Rochester
Bristol Channel
Devises
Newbury
Dover
Sedgemoor
Salisbury
Taunton
Exeter
Carisbrooke Castle
Isle of Wight
Tor Bay
CHANNEL
Scilly Is
Channel Islands
FRANCE

these two parties by studying a typical figure in each. From the Royalists we will take Sir Edmund Verney, from the Roundheads Colonel Hutchinson, both of whom stand out as living figures from the pages of their own memoirs and letters.

Sir Edmund Verney was a youth of twenty-two when he was first appointed as Gentleman of the Household to the thirteen-year-old Prince Charles. From that time he scarcely left his royal master, serving him with a chivalrous devotion that stood the test of all Charles' unwise acts.

A Cavalier

"He was," says the great historian of the rebellion, Lord Clarendon, "a man of great courage and of a very cheerful and generous nature and confessedly valiant," and this helped him over the rough road he had to tread by the side of a King who was rushing blindly upon his fate. One thing must always be remembered in studying the character of Sir Edmund Verney. In his religious convictions he was far more in sympathy with Puritan doctrines than with those of Laud. It is only as a firm adherent of the Royalist side that he is a typical Cavalier; just as Colonel Hutchinson is a type rather of the party that opposed the King, than of that narrow-minded, grim-faced band who were called Roundheads in later days.

When he could spare time from his duties at the Court, Sir Edmund would ride down to his country home in Buckinghamshire, Claydon House. His letters show the interest he took in the poor folk of the estate. He hears that a shed has fallen in a great storm, and is anxious till he hears that "his hovel fell upon no

Christian creature." He takes endless pains to get his huntsmen and other servants good places. People are always writing to him to ask his help on various matters —now it is to get a young relation out of a scrape; now to find a good wife for a son, or a husband for a daughter.

From the list of clothes worn by a courtier such as Sir Edmund we can guess what was the dress of the day for Cavaliers of any rank. We hear of a "crimson satin doublet, and scarlet hose laced with gold lace," and a black velvet cloak lined with plush.

Billiards

On festive occasions the necessary garments must have made a big hole in his income. On one occasion the bill came to two hundred and sixty pounds, and the list includes a purple satin suit, cloth-of-gold waistcoat and cap, chamois-leather doublet, Cordovan skins for a buff coat, together with real lace and buttons.

Sir Edmund and his son both had seats in the Long Parliament of 1640; and an old print shows them in short cloak, doublet and hose, wearing broad felt hats and feathers, sitting in their appointed place. They were present therefore at the trial of Strafford, though probably they did not vote; for though personally Sir Edmund did not approve of his high-handed measures, he could not condemn him while he was in the King's service. But his correspondence shows the extraordinarily strong feeling that existed in the country against the unfortunate Earl. In answer to one of his

letters, a certain Lady Sussex writes: "Yon great lord I hope will come to the honour of beheading; if he escape he will do more ill than ever was done. Your Parliament makes many sad hearts. I hope you will make this a happy kingdom before you have done."

When the Civil War actually began, one of the saddest sides of such a conflict is seen in the separation caused between father and son. For Sir Edmund stood fast by the King, and his son, Ralph Verney, by the Parliament. Besides this family grief, the state of unrest into which the war threw the whole land is seen in Sir Edmund's letter to his steward from York, where Charles had taken up his position.

English Ladies in Winter Dress (Hollar), 1604

"I pray have a care of my house that rogues break not into it; have store of bullet and powder, and get somebody to lodge in the house that may defend it if need be. Have my waggon in readiness, if I should at any time send for it; get in all such moneys as are owing you with all speed, for we shall certainly have a great war. Have a care of harvest, and God send us well to receive the blessing of and return thanks for it. I can say no more,—YOUR LOVING MASTER."

A few months later the royal standard was set up at Nottingham (August 1642) and was confided to the keeping of Sir Edmund Verney. That month of August was full of ill-omens and gloomy forebodings. "The standard," we are told, "was blown down by a very strong and unruly wind, and could not be fixed again in a day or two, till the tempest was allayed." But Sir

Edmund's mind was at rest. He had won the coveted post of danger, and said as he accepted the charge that "by the Grace of God, they that would wrest that standard from his hand must first wrest his soul from his body."

All too soon his words were fulfilled. On the 12th of October the King's troops on their march to London from Shrewsbury met the army of Essex at Edgehill. A wild onrush of Prince Rupert, the nephew of Charles, had drawn the cavalry away from the King, and the struggle round the standard became "furious in the extreme." Bent on getting the disheartened Royalists to make a fresh attempt, Sir Edmund "adventured with it" into the thick of the foe.

Hand Brace, turned and carved

"He was offered his life by a throng of his enemies, upon condition he would deliver the standard; he answered that his life was his own, but that the standard was his and their sovereign's, and he would not deliver it while he lived, and he hoped it would be rescued when he was dead; selling it and his life at the rate of sixteen gentlemen which fell that day by his sword. The standard was taken, and round its staff still clung the hand that had grasped it, faithful in death. On one of the fingers was the ring given to Sir Edmund by the King, and containing his miniature" ("Verney Memoirs").

So died a faithful cavalier and loyal gentleman. Perhaps the fact that the battle was a drawn one instead of a Royalist defeat was partly due to his courage and resolution. A record of the conflict, "printed by

his Majesty's command," says: "If we had had light enough to have given one charge more, we had totally routed all their army."

The record of the Parliament, on the other hand, speaks of "a blessed victory which God hath given us upon the army of the Cavalier and of those Evil Persons who, upon Sunday 23rd, engaged his Majesty in a dangerous and bloody fight against his faithful subjects."

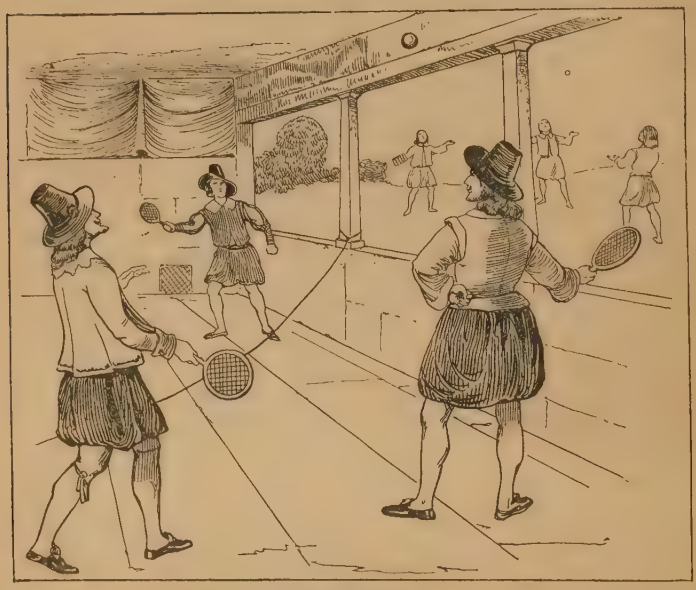
The character of this noble gentleman is thus summed up by one of that time: "Of the strictness and piety of a Puritan, of the charity of a Papist, of the civility of an Englishman; whose family the King his Master would say 'was the model he would propose to the Gentleman'; whose carriage [behaviour] was such that he was called the only courtier that was not complained of."

The portrait of Colonel Hutchinson, the Roundhead, who was one of those who condemned Charles to death, stands clearly out in the pages of the memoirs written by his wife.

"He was of middle stature, of a slender shape, his complexion fair, his hair of light brown, very thick in his youth, softer than the finest silk and curling into great loose rings at the ends; his eyes of a lively gray . . . his chin was something long and the mould of his face . . . but withal he had a most amiable countenance . . . that at the same time bespoke love and awe in all that saw him. He was apt for any bodily exercise and any that he did became him; he could dance admirably well, but neither in youth nor riper years made any practice of it; he had skill in fencing such as became a gentleman, he had a great love of music and an excellent ear and

judgment, he shot excellently in bows and guns, and much used them for his exercise. He had great judgment in paintings, graving, sculpture, and all liberal arts, and had many curiosities of value in all kinds.

" He took much pleasure in improvement of grounds,



Tennis Court

in planting groves and walks. Of country recreations he loved none but hawking, and in that was very eager for the time he used it, but soon left it off. He was wonderfully neat, cleanly and genteel in his habit, and had a very good fancy in it; but he left off very early the wearing of anything that was costly, yet in his plainest negligent habit appeared very much of a gentleman.

"His whole life was the rule of temperance in meat, drink, apparel, pleasure, and all those things that may be lawfully enjoyed. He had a certain activity of spirit which could never endure idleness either in himself or others, and that made him eager for the time he indulged it, as well in pleasure as in business; indeed, though in youth he exercised innocent sports a little while, yet afterwards his business was his pleasure. But how intent soever he were in anything, how much soever it delighted him, he could freely and easily cast it away when God called him to something else."

A Country Maid (Hollar)

This is how Mrs Hutchinson describes the character of the Puritan in those days. "If any showed favour to any godly, honest persons, kept them company, relieved them in want, or protected them against violent or unjust oppression, he was a Puritan. If any gentleman in his country maintained the good laws of his land, or stood up for any public interest, for good order or government, he was a Puritan—whoever was zealous for God's glory or worship — whoever could endure a sermon, modest habit or conversation, or anything good—all these were Puritans." Later on she describes how the name of Roundhead came to be applied to Puritans such as her husband.

"When puritanism grew into a faction, the zealots distinguished themselves by several affectations of habit, looks, and words. Among other affected habits, few of the Puritans wore their hair long enough to cover their ears, and the ministers and many others cut it close round their heads . . . from this custom of wearing their

hair, this name of Roundhead became the scornful term applied to the whole Parliament party."

In his political life, Colonel Hutchinson represents the nobler side of the Parliamentary faction, a side which was seldom clearly seen in those dark days. After fighting throughout the Civil War against the King, he went up to London to take his seat in the Long Parliament in the year 1646. "When he came there," says his wife, "he found a very bitter spirit of discord and envy raging, and the Presbyterian faction was endeavouring a violent persecution against those who had in so short a time accomplished, by God's blessing, that victory which He was not pleased to bestow upon them. Colonel Hutchinson, who abhorred that malicious zeal and imposing spirit which appeared in them, was soon taken notice of as one of the Independent faction."

Presently he came into personal contact with Cromwell, soon to be the one man who held the fate of England in his hand. Hutchinson himself seems to have felt neither admiration nor confidence in him.

"The Colonel, who was the freest man in the world from concealing truth, told him [Cromwell] . . . how much it would darken all his glories if he should become a slave to his own ambition, and be guilty of what he gave the world just cause to suspect: and therefore he begged of him to wear his heart in his face, and to scorn to delude his enemies, but to make use of his noble courage to maintain what he believed to be just against all opposers.

"Cromwell made mighty professions of a sincere heart to him, but it is certain that for this and such like plain dealing with him, he dreaded the Colonel, and made it his particular business to keep him out of the

army, but the Colonel, desiring command, not to serve himself but his country, would not use that art he detested in others to procure himself any advantage."

The position of such a man, gentle of heart and merciful as he was when nominated to sit in judgment on the King, was truly painful. "Very much against his own will he was put in; but looking upon himself as called hereunto, durst not refuse it, as holding himself obliged by the covenant of God, and the public trust of his country reposed in him; although he was not ignorant of the danger he ran, as the condition of things then was."

This is the manner in which the loyal wife describes the Puritan state of mind to which the death of the King seemed not only inevitable but justifiable:

"The gentlemen that were appointed his judges saw in a disposition so bent on the ruin of all that opposed him, and of all the righteous and just things they had contended for, that it was upon the conscience of many of them that if they did not execute justice upon him, God would require at their hands all the blood and desolation which should ensue by their suffering him to escape, when God had brought him into their hands."

After the King's death, Colonel Hutchinson lived much in the country, very thankful that the breaking up of Cromwell's Parliament gave him a time for leisured work among his tenants. For the doings of the Lord Protector he had scant sympathy, and still less for the brief rule of his son Richard. "Richard was a peasant in his nature, though gentle and virtuous, and became not greatness. His court was full of sin and vanity, true religion was now almost lost, and

hypocrisy became an epidemic disease, to the sad grief of Colonel Hutchinson and all true-hearted Christians and gentlemen."

Then came the restoration of the Stuart line, and

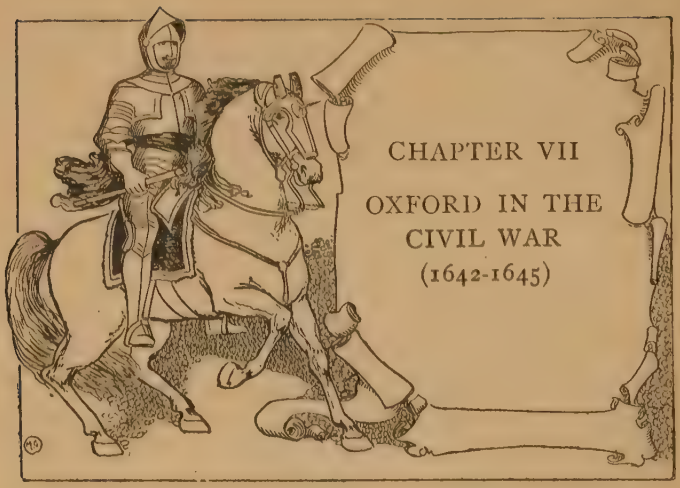
Cromwell's Soldiers destroying the Cross, Cheapside

downfall, and something like disgrace, for such men as Hutchinson. His words, however, when he was suspended from the House, stand out in noble contrast to the whining protests of some of the other regicides. "If he had erred, it was the inexperience of his age and the defect of his judgment, and not the malice of his heart, which had ever prompted him to pursue the general advantage of his country more than his own; and if the sacrifice of himself might conduce to the public peace and settlement, he should freely submit his life and fortunes to their disposal."

He was driven from the House, and only narrowly escaped with his life, for his enemies tried hard to bring

upon him the wrath of the new King. In this they failed at first, but before very long he became involved in suspicions concerning one of the many plots of this reign, and was thrown first into the Tower and afterwards into Sandown Castle. There, after weary months of captivity, he was seized with a mortal illness. Asked by the doctor if he had made his peace with God, he replied with cheerful dignity: "I hope you do not think me so ill a Christian to have been thus long in prison, and to have that to do now?" The doctor asked him concerning the ground of his hope; to which he answered: "There's none but Christ, none but Christ, in whom I have unspeakable joy, more than I can express; yet I should utter more, but that the soreness of my mouth makes it difficult for me to speak."

So died one of the finest characters that the Puritan creed could fashion—one who was as true to his own ideal of duty as Sir Edmund Verney was to his King.



CHAPTER VII

OXFORD IN THE CIVIL WAR (1642-1645)

WE have seen how civil war had now broken out between King and Parliament. Many were the minor causes of the conflict—illegal taxation; Strafford's high-handed principle of "Thorough"; Laud's unpopular Church discipline. All these were but a few amongst many others. The real underlying ground of the war was the question of *who should ultimately hold the governing power of England—King or Parliament.*

The actual fighting first began in 1642, at Edgehill—a drawn battle—and from that time was going on for the next four years, at intervals, in nearly every part of England.

During this period, the King's headquarters were at Oxford, and the capture of that city by the Parliamentarians was in reality the last act of the war. So we shall get, perhaps, the clearest idea of the progress

of the conflict, if we suppose ourselves one of those within the walls of Oxford, to whom news is brought from time to time of the events that were happening outside.

In the year 1643, when Charles first took up his residence in the city, there were Royalist forces fighting in Cornwall under General Hopton, and in Yorkshire under Newcastle; Prince Rupert, the most daring of all the Cavalier leaders, was with the King. Up to the end of this year, the Royalists were almost entirely victorious.

Lady of 1643 (Hollar)

At first the city of Oxford had been by no means entirely on the King's side. "Town and Gown," the tradespeople and the undergraduates, were ancient foes, and the fact that the latter as a body sided with Charles was almost enough of itself to set the "Town" against him.

When the voice of the University bellman called upon all householders to send some of their families to dig out the earthworks, which were to fortify the town, very little enthusiasm was shown. "The King found only twelve of them working where there should have been one hundred and twenty-two, of which neglect his Majesty took notice, and told them in the field."

Then the University was called out to help, and forthwith undergraduates girded up their gowns and ran to help dig out the line of works which ran from Folly Bridge across Christ Church meadow, in front of Merton. Very soon every person resident in a college between the ages of sixteen and sixty was

obliged to give one day's work a week with pick and spade.

"The New College Cloister and Tower were converted into a magazine for muskets, bullets and gunpowder; corn was stored in the Law and Logic School, and victuals in the Guildhall."

The court was established at Christ Church, and "the ancient colleges and halls were thronged with ladies and gentlemen, some of whom found themselves like fish out of water when they were obliged to be content with 'a very bad bed in a garret of a baker's house in an obscure street, and one dish of meat a day, and that not the best ordered, no money and no clothes.' Soldiers were quartered in the college gates and the kitchens." [1]

Country Woman, 1643

Although the Long Parliament still sat at Westminster, three hundred of its former members and about sixty peers had left it to form a second Parliament at Oxford, which sat daily in the Divinity Schools. Masques were played, concerts given, and when the Queen arrived, and set up her Court at Merton, things became very gay indeed in the "City of Dreaming Spires."

From the outer world arrived the best of news. When Essex, the Roundhead general, drew up his forces on the east side of Oxford, in the hope of cutting off the city from communication with the other Royalist troops, Rupert and his cavalry made a brilliant sortie upon them, and presently there was seen to "ride off the field before the action was done,

[1] Cecil Headlam: "Oxford and its Story."

which he never used to do," John Hampden, the hero of the shipmoney dispute, with his head hanging down and his hands resting on the neck of his horse." He was, indeed, mortally wounded. "Upon him," says Clarendon, "the eyes of all men had been fixed as the pilot that must steer the vessel through the tempests and rocks that threatened it. And I am persuaded that his power and interest at that time were greater to do good or hurt than any man's in the kingdom." This victory of Chalgrove Field made Charles practically master of the Midlands, and meantime the Royalists had been so successful in the north that Hull alone held out for the Parliament. Only the grim determination of a certain Huntingdonshire farmer, Oliver Cromwell by name, together with that of his "lovely company," as he called his Puritan troopers, prevented the eastern counties also from falling into Royalist hands.

Cavalry

By the end of July news had come in of a series of unbroken successes in the west, and it seemed at that time as though Charles had no further cause for fear.

It was, in fact, the crisis of the Civil War. London was full of discontent and divisions between the Parliamentarians, and now was the time for the King to strike a decisive blow.

But he himself had "a miserable army," and when

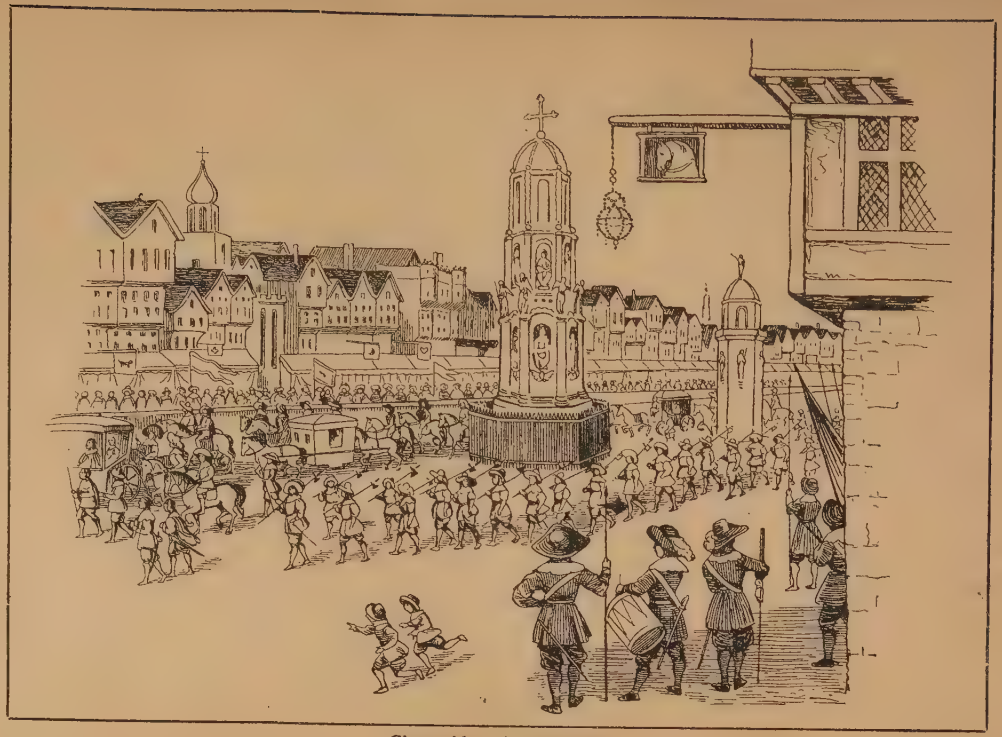
the forces of Newcastle and Hopton were summoned from north and west to his aid, the thing was found to be impossible. Their men were ready enough to fight in defence of their own farms and villages and towns, but they "utterly refused" to leave them to become a prey to the enemy.

Puzzle Jug (Slip Ware)

In September Charles determined instead of advancing on London to take Gloucester. This roused the Londoners to a desperate attempt at rescue, which was so far successful that Charles abandoned the siege and tried to prevent Essex from returning to London by intercepting him at Newbury, just below Reading. Lack of ammunition prevented the King from carrying out his object, and Essex got safely through, leaving many on both sides dead on the field. Among these was Lord Falkland, who, though bound by loyalty to the King, utterly disapproved of the whole war, and of that which led to it, being, indeed, more in sympathy with the ideals of the Parliament faction, but thinking it wrong to rebel against his sovereign.

"From the entrance into this unnatural war," says Clarendon, "his natural cheerfulness and vivacity grew clouded, and a kind of sadness and dejection of spirit stole upon him which he had never been used to. Often he would passionately profess that the very agony of war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him and must shortly break his heart.

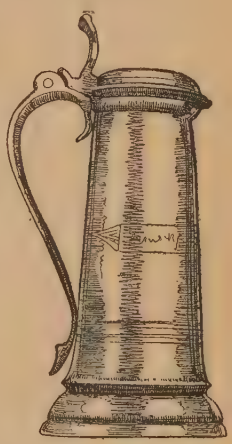
"In the morning before the battle, as always upon action, he was very cheerful, and put himself into the



Cheapside. A Procession

first rank of the regiment which was then advancing against the enemy, who had lined the hedges on both sides with musketeers; from whence he was shot with a musket, and in the instant falling from his horse, his body was not found till the next morning."

When Charles settled down again at Oxford, it soon became clear that his camp was as full of jealousy and factions as were the Parliamentary forces in London. The latter had lately called the Scottish Presbyterians, the "Covenanters," to their aid; and Charles retaliated by summoning the English troops whom Strafford had left in Ireland. This offended many of the English gentry; and meantime a keen watch was being kept upon Oxford by Waller on one side and Essex on the other.



Pewter Communion Flagon

Bad news came in also from the north, where it looked as if the Earl of Newcastle would be hemmed in between the Scots on the one hand and Cromwell with his eastern county troops on the other. Closer and closer drew the foe round the university city till, seeing that there were scarcely provisions to stand a month's longer siege, the King marched out of Oxford one dark night with six thousand men along St John's road, and got clear away to Cropredy Bridge, where he inflicted a crushing blow on Waller's army, before pursuing Essex into Cornwall. There too he was victorious and returned in triumph, only to find himself intercepted at Newbury by the Roundheads. But owing to the unwillingness of the Earl of Manchester

to follow up the advantage he gained at that spot, Charles slipped away to spend the winter of 1644 at Oxford, now well provided with corn.

His triumph was, however, very short-lived. News of an overwhelming defeat of the troops of Prince Rupert, who had gone to Newcastle's assistance on the slopes of Marston Moor, had already filled every heart with alarm; for it meant that the north was lost for good and all. It was soon known that the Roundhead victory was due to the determination and grit of the army of "Ironsides" whom Cromwell had been training both in the ways of righteousness and of arms for the last year. "We never charged without routing the enemy," wrote their leader; "God made them as stubble unto our swords."

In the spring of the next year, 1645, Cromwell himself drew nigh to Oxford, and the troops of the Roundheads began to besiege it at three different points at once.

The spirit of the war had grown sterner and harsher. No longer did the Roundheads desire merely to intimidate the King in order to get their aims carried out; Oliver Cromwell had openly declared that if he ever met Charles on the battlefield "he would shoot him as soon as any other man."

The days of forbearance and hopes of peaceful settlement were gone for ever.

On 14th January 1645 Laud, the old archbishop, who had languished in prison since the first session of the Long Parliament, was brought out to die. The strong feeling, that had grown up, in these few years, against the Church that had supported the King, was seen in the insults heaped upon Laud as he threaded his

way through the throngs of people to the crowded scaffold.

"Methought at least that I might have had room to die," said he. "I beseech you let me have an end to this misery for I have endured it long."

Even the rude tongues of the bystanders were quelled as he begged them to stand aside from the scaffold "lest my innocent blood should fall upon the heads of the people"; and they listened in awed silence to his last and most touching prayer:

"Lord, I am coming as fast as I can. I know I must pass through the shadow of death before I can come to Thee. But it is a mere shadow, a little darkness upon nature, for Thou hast broken through the jaws of death. So, Lord, receive my soul and have mercy upon me; and bless this kingdom with peace and plenty, and with brotherly love and charity, that there may no longer be this shedding of Christian blood among them, for Christ's sake and if it be thy will."

So there passed away one more of the staunch supporters of the King, and once more men's minds became hardened to the sight of bloodshed and execution where honour and deference had once been due.

Meantime the King had decided that his best hopes now lay in making use of the Scots.

A few weeks after the disastrous fight at Marston Moor, James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, disguised as a groom in attendance on two gentlemen, had ridden hard through the hostile Lowlands to the borderland of the Highlands. The whole of that district was ruled by the vigilant Covenanters under Argyle, and

it was with the utmost risk that Montrose flitted from clan to clan with his call to arms.

But the Highlanders gave him an astonishingly warm welcome. Always ready for warfare, hoping for plunder, and full of hatred towards the Campbells, the clan of Argyle, they swarmed round the standard of Montrose, and made a victorious march through the Lowlands. Unfortunately, nothing could cure these wild men of the hills of their habit of returning to their homes with the plunder they had taken before they were ready to fight again. So Montrose was obliged to rely for the most part upon a regiment of Irishmen, half savages though they were, which had landed on the Scottish coast and placed themselves under his flag.

Musketeer

With this unsatisfactory army, Montrose held out among the Scottish hills with incredible success, seeing that two far larger forces were dogging his footsteps and at times almost hemming him in.

When the bitter northern winter set in, Argyle retreated to his castle at Inverary, thinking that Montrose would never dream of crossing the snow-clad hills by which the place was guarded.

Suddenly, when all were off their guard, news was brought in that the Marquis was close upon the walls. There was no time for defence; Argyle fled by sea in a tiny fishing-boat, and for three weary months the country of the Campbell's lay at the mercy of the Highlanders.

The Flight of Charles at Naseby

It was the news of the success of Montrose, and his report of his difficulties in keeping his men together, that suggested to Charles his plan of marching northward himself. He determined therefore to leave Oxford, and to march north with Prince Rupert against the Lowlanders, hoping thus to win the personal loyalty of the Highland clans. He even took Leicester by storm, and was marching on to Market Harborough, when the "New Model," as Cromwell's army was now called, caught him up. The battle that followed at Naseby was the decisive conflict of the Civil War.

"It was about ten of the clock," says Clarendon, "when the battle began: the first charge was given by Prince Rupert, who, with his own and his brother Prince Maurice's troop, carried it home with his usual vigour, and was so well seconded that he bore down all before him and was master of six pieces of the rebel's best cannon. The right wing of horse and foot being thus fortunately engaged, the left wing advanced in five bodies, and was encountered by Cromwell, who commanded the right wing of the enemy's horse with seven bodies, greater and more numerous than either of the others. He had, besides the odds in number, the advantage of the ground, for the King's horse were obliged to march up the hill before they could charge.

"The King's reserve of horse, with himself at the head of them, was ready to charge when such a panic fear seized on them that they all ran near a quarter of a mile without stopping. The King himself was even upon the point of charging the enemy when the Earl of Carnewarth, who rode next to him, on a sudden laid his hand on the bridle of the King's horse, and said: 'Will you go upon your death in an instant?' and

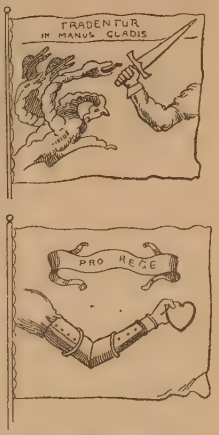
before his Majesty understood what he would have, he turned his horse round. And upon this they all turned their horses round and rode upon the spur, as if they were every man to shift for himself. . . .

"And that difference was observed all through the war in the discipline of the King's troops and those of Cromwell, for though the King's troops prevailed in the charge and routed those they charged, they never rallied themselves again in order, nor could be brought to make a second charge again the same day; which was the reason they had not an entire victory at Edgehill. Whereas Cromwell's troops, though they were beaten and routed, rallied again presently, and stood in good order till they received new directions. All that the King and Prince could do could not rally their broken troops. So that in the end the King was compelled to quit the field and to leave Fairfax master of all his foot, cannon and baggage; amongst which was his own cabinet, where his most secret papers were and letters between the queen and him. . . . "

By this defeat, not only did Charles lose the Midlands, but from that time he was practically a fugitive. He fled to Hereford, hoping still to get thence to the north and to join Montrose. Finding himself closely followed, he turned west, only to find that Rupert had been forced to surrender Bristol. Then from fortress to fortress he went until, in November, he found himself once again in Oxford. By this time the Covenanters held all Scotland in their hands, Montrose was a fugitive, and hope of aid from the north was gone for ever.

The following spring saw the last scene in the drama of Royalist Oxford. Fairfax had marched upon the city and the King was forced to leave his last refuge.

"At three in the morning of 27th April, disguised as a servant, with his beard and hair closely trimmed, he passed over Magdalen Bridge in apparent attendance upon John Ashburnham and a scholar, one Hudson, who understood the by-ways as well as the common, and was indeed a very skilful guide. 'Farewell, Harry,' Glenham called out to his sovereign as he performed the governor's duty of closing the gates behind him. Charles' departure was kept so secret that Fairfax, who arrived before Oxford on the fifth day after, sat down before the city before he knew of it" (Headlam, "Oxford and its Story").



Royal Banners

There was nothing left for Charles but to throw himself on the mercy of the Scots. Their answer to this, as we shall shortly see, was to hand him over to the Parliament, and when this came about, Charles, hearing of the miserable condition of the besieged city of Oxford, sent word to the governor to surrender.

"On the 24th June the garrison, some three thousand strong, marched out in drenching rain over Magdalen Bridge, colours flying and drums beating, between files of Roundhead Infantry."

When Oxford fell, the Great Rebellion was over.

Angel, Gold Coin, Charles I.

CHAPTER VIII
CHECK TO THE CROWN (1645-1649)

THE triumph of Parliamentary over Royal power had been won by force, and Charles, had he been wise, would now have recognised the fact and held the crown henceforth upon those terms. But the "Divine right" theory was too deeply ingrained in every Stuart to make such a thing possible, and the King, now driven into a corner, began instead to devise plans by which he might play off one enemy against another, and so win support for himself.

Therefore, finding himself a prisoner at Newcastle in the hands of the Scottish Presbyterians, he began to think that he might use their dislike of the English Independents to further his own ends. But the Independents comprised the "New Model," the famous army which had beaten the Royalists, and Cromwell stood at their head; and, though Cromwell declared that he was no enemy to the Presbyterians, he made it quite clear that what his party had won it meant to keep.

In Parliament the Presbyterians in 1646 were the stronger, and it was they who now offered to support the King if he would rule as a Presbyterian king, set up a Presbyterian form of Church government, and sign the Solemn League and Covenant. Instead of replying, Charles played a waiting game. "All my endeavours," he wrote to the Queen, "must be the delaying of my answer till there be considerable parties visibly formed."

The patience of the Scots and their trust in him for the support of their faith at length departed. They handed over the King to the Parliament on condition that their expenses were paid, and returned to Scotland.

The King was at once lodged at Holmby House, in Northamptonshire; and then, to his relief, the hoped-for struggle between the army and the Parliament began. The "New Model" was no ordinary military force, and at its head stood no ordinary man.

"That strange army," Gardiner says of the former, "in which every opinion under the sun found refuge, and in which soldiers occupied their leisure hours not in the cricket-field or the public-house, but in theological argument or Scriptural exposition. . . . Such an army claimed to be something more than ordinary. It had not fought simply for the supremacy of Parliament. It had fought for liberty for its opinions, and it refused to allow itself to be disbanded till that liberty was assured. The soldiers regarded themselves, as indeed they were, as a power in the State."

And at the head of this army stood the man whose will was to dominate England for the next fourteen years. This is the portrait painted of him by one of

his contemporaries. "The first time I ever took notice of Mr Cromwell was in the very beginning of Parliament held in November 1640; when I, member for Radnor, vainly thought myself a courtly young gentleman—for we courtiers value ourselves much upon our good clothes! I came into the House one morning well clad; and perceived a gentleman speaking whom I knew not, very ordinarily apparelled; for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor; his linen was plain and not very clean; and I remember a speck of blood upon his little band, which was not very much larger than his collar. His hat was without a hat-band. His stature was of good size; his sword stuck close to his side; his countenance swollen and reddish, his voice sharp and untuneable, and his eloquence full of fervour. I sincerely profess it lessened my reverence unto that Great Council, for this gentleman was very much harkened unto; which was strange, seeing he had no gold lace to his coat, nor frills to his band; and otherwise, to me in my poor feather head, seemed a somewhat unhandy gentleman."

Oliver Cromwell

It was with this man and with his army therefore, even more than with the Parliament, that the Royalists had now to reckon.

So at the moment when Charles was preparing at last to entertain the Presbyterian propositions, though always stipulating for religious freedom for himself, it was the army that settled the question for him.

Riding up to Holmby House one fine evening, Cornet Joyce bluntly told the King that he should remove him to Newmarket, the military headquarters, next morning.

"Where is your commission?" asked Charles.

"There, sire!" replied Joyce, pointing to the troop of soldiers drawn up outside the house.

Once again the King would have been wise, in his own interests, to realise the new power in the land, and to accede to its demands—demands that were more reasonable than any former ones. All that the army asked for was toleration for all save Roman Catholics. But Charles at this point lost his nerve altogether. At the time he was lodged at Hampton Court, and from thence, alarmed at a report that some of the wilder spirits among the "levellers," or "socialists" of the army, were planning his murder, he rode off late one night to Titchfield, in the New Forest, the seat of the Earl of Southampton. At that moment "it was inhabited," says Clarendon, "by the old lady the mother of the Earl; there his Majesty alighted and would speak with the lady; to whom he made no scruple of communicating himself, well knowing her to be a lady of that honour and spirit that she was superior to all kinds of temptations. There he refreshed himself, and consulted with his then servants what he should next do, since there was neither ship ready, nor could they expect to remain there long undiscovered."

Then, as ill-luck would have it, his faithful follower Ashburnham suggested that it would be well to cross to Carisbrooke Castle, in the Isle of Wight, and put the King under the protection of Colonel Hammond, the

governor. Now Hammond was son-in-law to John Hampden, "whose memory he always adored," and was therefore not very likely to be loyal to the King. When asked by Ashburnham and his companion if he would promise not to give Charles up to his foes, he replied cautiously "that he would pay all the duty and

Charles reproaching Ashburnham

service to his Majesty that were in his power, and if he pleased to come thither, he would receive and entertain him as well as he could; but that he was an inferior officer and must obey the commands of his superiors."

"After some debate, they took him to Titchfield, and Ashburnham, going up to the King's chamber, and acquainting him that Hammond was in the house, his Majesty broke out in a passionate exclamation and said, 'O Jack, thou hast undone me!'"

"Upon which Ashburnham, falling into a great passion of weeping, offered to go down and kill Hammond; to which the King would not consent. After some deliberation, he sent for him and tried to persuade him to make the same promise which had before been proposed. To which he made the same answer he had done, but with many professions of doing all he could for his Majesty."

So the King, knowing that Hammond could rouse the country against him if he would, went with him to Carisbrooke and at once became his prisoner.

From the Isle of Wight, during that dark winter, the unhappy Charles began once more to play his fatal game, and to try, by offering to agree to the terms of the Presbyterians, to win their support against the army. All was done in secret, for the King was still openly making offers to the army while secretly inciting the Presbyterians against it.

The end of the year 1647 and the beginning of 1648 saw a decided reaction in favour of Charles. The fact that he was a prisoner in the hands of the Parliament stirred up strong feeling throughout the country. The keeping of Christmas Day had been forbidden by the Puritans, but the proclamation of the Lord Mayor was disregarded, service was held in several London churches, and even the soldiers of Essex, the Parliamentary general, paraded the streets crying "God save the King!" and forcing people to drink his health.

When a determined attempt was made to stop the playing of bowls on Sunday, the London apprentices rose, with cries of "For God and King Charles," drove away the soldiers sent to quell them, and drew chains

across the streets. All over England the Cavaliers threw aside their fears and rose again on behalf of the King; and in Kent they showed Fairfax such a determined front near Maidstone that he declared that he had never "seen such hot service for six hours together."

Then, in the spring of that same year, 1648, there broke out in the north what is known as the Second Civil War, between the Scots in favour of the King, and the English army, as arranged by Charles at Carisbrooke.

Carisbrooke Castle

The indignation of the soldiers of Cromwell when they realised the King's perfidy was deep indeed. They bound themselves in solemn wise first to fight the foe, and then "if the Lord should bring them back in peace, to call Charles Stuart, that Man of Blood, to an account for that blood he had shed and mischief he had done to his utmost against the Lord's cause and people in these poor nations."

In August a great battle at Preston destroyed the Scottish army, and with it the last chance of the King. The New Model had decided that Charles must not again be given an opportunity for stirring up strife.

For eighteen days the King was closely imprisoned in Hurst Castle, and meantime strong measures were being taken by the army to secure their end. Knowing

that there were many members, Presbyterians and others, who were absolutely resolved not to face "rule by the army in place of rule by a king," Colonel Pride and his soldiers were sent to occupy all the approaches to the House of Commons, to turn back all unfriendly members, and to arrest those who resisted. Next morning the "Rump," as those who remained were called by their foes, took their seats with Cromwell as their leader.

The King, who had been taken to Windsor, was now hurried to St James's Palace, and the 20th of January was appointed for his trial in Westminster Hall.

"When he was first brought to Westminster Hall," says Clarendon, who, it must be remembered, writes always from the Royalist point of view, "before their High Court of Justice, he looked upon them and sat down without any manifestation of trouble, never moving his hat; all the impudent judges sitting covered, and fixing their eyes upon him, without the least show of respect." The roll of "commissioners," those who had been selected to sit in this Court, was then called; but when the name of Fairfax was pronounced, a woman's voice answered from the gallery:

"He has more wit than to be here!"

Then the charge was read, declaring that "Charles Stuart, admitted King with a limited power, had tried to maintain that power unlimited, and had treacherously levied war against the Parliament and people of England." Charles was forthwith impeached as "a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and public enemy of the Commonwealth," and Bradshaw, the president, called upon him to answer the charge "in the name of the good people of England."

"It is a lie!" cried the same voice in a yet louder tone. "Not a half nor a quarter of the people of England!"

Furious at these interjections, the order was given to fire into the gallery; the men, however, refused, and meantime, search being made, "it was quickly discernible that it was the general's wife, the Lady Fairfax, who had uttered both these sharp sayings. . . . She was of very noble extraction but had unhappily concurred in her husband's entering into rebellion, never imagining what misery it would bring upon the kingdom; and now abhorred the work in hand as much as any body could do, and did all she could to hinder her husband from acting any part in it. . . . She was presently persuaded or forced to leave the place, to prevent any further disorder."

Meantime the King had steadily refused to plead his cause, declaring that this was no lawful Court, and that, as he stood for the liberty of the people of England, that would suffer if he acknowledged an illegal authority.

During the next few days, in which this last scene was thrice repeated, Cromwell and Ireton were hard at work influencing the minds of those who still shuddered at the thought of condemning the King to death.

At length they were convinced, and when Charles next demanded to be heard before both Lords and Commons, they returned a harsh refusal and proceeded to read the death sentence. Amid cries of "Justice!" "Execution!" the King was hurried away to St James's Palace.

"*Nothing became him in his life like the leaving of it.*"

Charles's Farewell to his Children

CITY OF WESTMINSTER LIBRARIES

Whichever side our sympathies lie in the Civil War, and however much we may blame the King for his weakness and obstinacy, we can feel nothing but admiration for the way in which he faced his end. The day for the execution was fixed for the 30th of January, and though efforts were being made in every direction to save him, he himself gave up all hope, and, with the aid of Bishop Juxon, prepared to die.

He had already, unknown to himself, seen his wife and elder sons for the last time, and they were now beyond the sea; but the young Princess Elizabeth, aged twelve, and the little Prince Henry of Gloucester were brought to him to make their farewell.

The princess, who wrote an account of this sad interview for her mother, tells how struck she was with her father's altered appearance, with his whitened hair and careless dress. She wept bitterly, but he took her on his knee, and bade her be calm, telling her he had much to say that he could confide to no one else. "He told her not to grieve, for that he should die a glorious death, for the laws and liberties and religion of this land."

He bade his children forgive his enemies, as he had done, and bade her tell her mother that she was ever in his thoughts. And then, in tender care for her grief, he said, "Sweetheart, you will forget this."

"Never while I live," cried the child.

Then, lifting the little prince to his knee, the King said sadly, "Sweetheart, they will cut off thy father's head."

As the child gazed in frightened silence, he continued, "Mark, boy, what I say; they will cut off my head, and perhaps make you a king; but you must

not be a king as long as your brothers Charles and James do live ; for they will cut off your brothers' heads when they can catch them, and cut off your head too at last, and therefore I charge you, be not made a king by them."

To this the boy replied with a sob, "I will be torn in pieces first."

Then he embraced and blessed them both, and sent them away, turning back, however, at the heartbroken cry of his little daughter, for one more last kiss.

The bitterness of death was almost past now, but one crime still lay heavy on his conscience. If we may judge from his last word upon the scaffold, the betrayal of Strafford was the clearest, as it was the saddest, of his last memories.

On the morning of Tuesday, 30th January, 1649, the King rose early and took especial pains in dressing. When his attendant's hand shook in combing his grey hair, he gently rebuked him, saying, "Though my head is not to remain much longer on my shoulders I will be dressed with care like a bridegroom. It is my second marriage day."

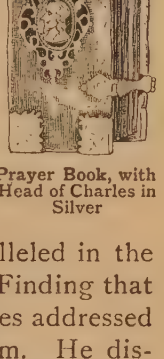
He then asked for a second shirt, saying, "The day is so cold that I might tremble, and some people might attribute it to fear, but I would not have such a supposition possible."

From daybreak he spent the time in prayer with Bishop Juxon until Colonel Hacker knocked at the door, and called out with trembling voice that the time was come.

Across St James's Park he walked with head erect and rapid step, while the roll of drums shook the frosty air in deafening fashion all around. At Whitehall he

went to his own bedroom, where, after the last sacraments had been celebrated, he was invited to eat of the dinner that had been prepared. This he refused, until Juxon warned him that the cold and his long fast might lead to his fainting upon the scaffold; upon which Charles replied, "You are right," and took some bread and claret.

Between one and two o'clock the summons came, and the king followed Colonel Hacker with unfaltering step through the great banqueting hall. At that terrible moment even the rough soldiers stood grave and silent in their files, while a crowd of people followed, weeping and praying aloud for him. Emerging through an opening in the wall on to the black-draped scaffold, he looked down upon the throngs below. "There a mighty multitude had assembled in mingled curiosity and grief to behold a sight as yet unparalleled in the history of England and of Christendom. Finding that his voice could not reach the people, Charles addressed a few words to those who stood about him. He disclaimed the guilt of the civil war, but owned that, *for an unjust sentence which he had suffered to take effect, he was punished by an unjust sentence upon himself.* He warned his hearers that they were out of the lawful way, and could not prosper until they gave what was due to God, the king and the people. After making a last profession of faith, Charles gathered his hair under a cap, took off his cloak and his Order of the George, which he gave to Juxon with the one word 'Remember!' He breathed a short



Prayer Book, with Head of Charles in Silver

prayer, and stretched forth his hands, the appointed signal.

"The executioner severed the head from the body at one blow, and held it up to the view of the crowd, which answered with a fearful groan" (Montague, "Political Hist. of England").

Thus was played the last scene in the terrible drama which had opened when James I., on his journey to be crowned King, forty-six years earlier, ordered a cutpurse to be hanged without fair trial.

So far, in the struggle between King and Parliament, the Parliament had declared "Check" to the royal power.

Great Seal of Charles I

CHAPTER IX.—CONSTABLE'S WORK (1649-1652)

THE next ten years form a period of "experimental government" during which many different plans were tried without any marked success. By acts passed soon after the King's execution, England was declared to be a "republic," and a "free commonwealth," governed by the representatives of the people in Parliament. But since the "people" was still split up into two hostile camps and into many smaller factions by both religion and politics, it was soon clear that a House of Commons representing only one side could hardly work with success.

Before long it appeared that what was needed was neither a Parliament, nor one of the many "Councils" proposed to take its place, but "a constable to keep the peace till the groundworks of law and order should be relaid" (Wakeling, "King and Parliament"). Such a

constable was Oliver Cromwell, who succeeded in doing this and more. "He never gained the heart of the people"; he only managed to suppress the more obvious outbreaks of disorder, and that by the aid of his army.

In the first two years of the Commonwealth, this dour, strong, silent man, always dressed in sad-coloured suit and worsted stockings, had a threefold danger to face, in Ireland, Scotland, and in the Parliament itself.

Palace Yard Stairs, 1641

Ireland had been in a state of revolt ever since Strafford had been executed in 1641, for the Irish Romanists had united together for the purpose of trying to get what is now called "Home Rule" for their country. When the news of the King's execution arrived, the Irish Royalists joined this party against the Parliament, in support of the young Prince Charles, and it seemed as though Dublin would soon fall into their hands.

In the belief that only the harshest measures would avail in a country that was still looked upon as half-civilised, Cromwell crossed the Irish Channel with his Ironsides, stormed Drogheda, and when it fell, not merely sacked the city but put two thousand of the inhabitants to the sword. It was a black deed of

vengeance to take upon men who were fighting in what they deemed a righteous cause, and Cromwell himself seems to feel that some excuse was needed, for he writes of the event, "I am persuaded that this is a righteous judgment of God upon these barbarous wretches, who have imbrued their hands in so much innocent blood; and that it will prevent the shedding of blood for the future, which are satisfactory grounds for such actions, which otherwise cannot but work remorse and regret."

"The curse of Cromwell on ye!" struck terror to the hearts of the unhappy people; and after this deed had been repeated at Wexford and elsewhere, Cromwell could leave Ireton to finish the work of subduing the ruined land.

This was done by putting to death all those Catholics of noble birth who were known to have killed a Protestant in the late war, and by confiscating two-thirds of the estates of those who had supported the Royalist cause. Even that poor remnant of their property was not to be held in their former homes, but the owners were driven hither and thither and forced to settle in a part of the country that was unknown to them.

Every priest was banished from Ireland, and heavy penalties were laid on those who hid or harboured a priest in their house.

The unhappy widows and orphans of the thousands who had laid down their lives for the Royalist cause were shipped off to the American and West Indian colonies; and their land was parcelled out between the soldiers of Cromwell and Ireton, who treated the native Irish population as slaves.

It was small wonder that the outcome of all this was not only a bitter hatred of their oppressors, but also the production of a race of outlaws, who lived in the mountains and descended to harass outlying farms and country houses. The peasants were with them at heart, and could not be got to betray their whereabouts, although a heavy price was placed upon the heads of these "Tories," as they were contemptuously called by the English settlers.

Scotland gave more trouble to "Constable Cromwell." There even the dour Covenanters were up in arms against the execution of the King, and young Charles was immediately proclaimed King in his stead. But Charles at that time was pinning his faith to Montrose, and had no wish to put himself into the hands of those who had delivered his father over to his enemies.

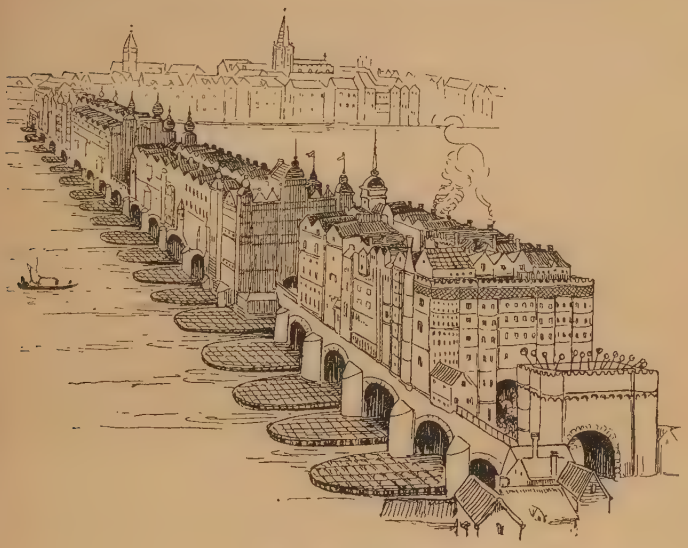
With a little force the gallant Marquis of Montrose had tried once more to raise the Highlanders to revolt, but in vain. His men were put to rout by the Covenanters, to whom his very name was an abomination, and he himself was taken to Edinburgh and condemned to be hung and then dismembered. "His head was to be set upon the Tolbooth, each limb exposed in some other town. . . . With serene majesty Montrose gloried in his fate, and declared his wish that he had flesh enough to be sent to every city of Christendom as a testimony to the cause for which he suffered.

"He had spent his marvellous powers on an impossible task; but his name can never be forgotten while genius and valour and a tragic fate appeal to human sympathy" (F. C. Montague).

On the morning of his execution, the air was full of the sound of the trumpets and drums which summoned

the soldiers to the appointed spot. Said Montrose calmly as he heard the noise, "I have given these good folk much trouble while alive. Do I remain a terror to them on the day of my death?"

Some of the chiefs of the Covenanters urged him to repent of his past deeds, that the Presbyterian Church



Old London Bridge

might release him from excommunication. But this, he said, was impossible; he could never repent of having done his duty to King and country.

Then they reproved him for the "levity" he showed by carefully combing out the lovelock which he wore, in common with most Cavaliers; but Montrose only answered with a smile, "My head is my own now to do

as I please with. Very soon it will be yours to do with as you will."

Then, dressing himself in his finest suit and wrapped in a scarlet cloak, the Marquis walked with a firm step to the Grassmarket, and there was beheaded. "May God have mercy on this afflicted country!" was his only prayer.

Seeing all chance of support from the Highlanders was gone, Charles promptly cast himself on the mercy of the dominant party, and hastened to sign the Covenant and to put himself unreservedly into the hands of the Covenanters. Hearing that they were gathering their forces together on his behalf, Cromwell at once marched into Scotland with all the men at his command.

The Scots, under David Leslie, took up a most favourable position among the hills near Dunbar, so as to hem the English army into the plain. So sure were they of victory, however, that when the Ministers of the Kirk urged him on to take immediate action, Leslie gave the word to leave their post of vantage and descend.

"The Lord hath delivered them into our hands!" cried Cromwell; and in the victory that followed, known as Dunbar Drove, the power of Presbyterian Scotland was broken.

"I believe," wrote Cromwell after the success, "their king will set up upon his own score now, wherein he will find many friends."

He was right. No grief was shown by Charles at the defeat of his supporters. He put up with them as long as he could gain something from them, until indeed he had been crowned at Scone on the New Year's Day of

1651; but he was far more at home with the Royalist Highlanders, and was determined, with as many men as he could muster from among them, to invade England, and try to attach the Cavalier party to his standard as he marched through the land. But, with Cromwell pressing hard upon his heels, the Northerners knew better than to follow him as their leader, and Charles reached Worcester with a weary and dispirited army that boded ill for the battle that was near at hand.

On 3rd September, 1651, exactly a year after Dunbar Drove, Cromwell won his crowning victory, a victory which not only reduced the rebellious North-country, but put an end to all open Royalist opposition for the next nine years. These years, however, were full of plotting and unrest, even when Charles, five weeks after this defeat, had fled to France. The leading Royalists and those suspected of hostility to the Commonwealth were hunted down like wild beasts, thrown into prison, and their lands confiscated. That charming picture which shows the child of a fugitive Cavalier standing before the grim Roundhead colonel in his father's hall is no fancy scene.

"And when did you last see your father?" asks the Ironside officer, while the sister shrinks aside, and the mother watches her little son in wild anxiety lest childish carelessness may betray her husband's hiding-place.

The adventures of Charles himself during the five weeks in which he lurked a fugitive in England are full of thrilling interest. Very soon after the battle of Worcester he was hiding in a neighbouring wood, with a certain Captain Careless, among the thick leaves

of an oak-tree, "where they sat all that day, and securely saw many who came purposely into the wood to look after them, and heard all their discourse, and how they would use the king himself if they could take him.

"The day being spent in the tree, it was not in the king's power to forget that he had lived two days with eating very little, and two nights with as little sleep; so that when the night came, he was willing to make some provision for both; and he resolved, with the assistance of his companion, to leave his blessed tree. And when the night was dark, after walking at least eight or nine miles, before morning they came to a poor cottage. The owner was known to Careless and presently carried them into a little barn full of hay. But when they were there it was resolved that the danger would be the greater if they stayed together, and that Careless should presently be gone and within two days should send an honest man to guide the king to some place of security; and that in the meantime his majesty should stay upon the hay-mow.

Officer of the Pikemen
(Time of Charles I.)

"The poor man had nothing for him to eat, but promised him good buttermilk the next morning. The king slept very well in his lodging till the time that his host brought him a piece of bread and a great

pot of buttermilk, which he thought the best food that ever he had eaten.

"After he had rested upon this hay-mow, and fed upon this diet two days and two nights, in the evening before the third night another fellow came to the house, to conduct the king to another house more out of any road near which any part of the army was like to march. He new dressed himself, changing clothes with his landlord, and putting on those which he usually wore: he had a great mind to have kept his own shirt, but he considered that men are soonest discovered by having fine linen in ill clothes; and so he parted with his shirt too, and took the same his host then had on. Though he had foreseen that he must leave his boots, and his landlord had taken care to provide an old pair of shoes, yet they were not easy to him, and in a short time grew very grievous. . . .

"This was indeed so grievous a march and he was so tired that he was ever ready to despair, and to prefer being taken and suffered to rest, before purchasing his safety at that price. His shoes, after the first few miles, had hurt him so much that he had thrown them away, and walked the rest of the way in his ill stockings, which were quickly worn out; and his feet, with the thorns in getting over hedges and with the stones in other places, were so wounded that he many times cast himself upon the ground, with a desperate resolution to rest there till the morning, whatever risk he ran."

For some days Charles lay hidden under the roof of a Mr Lane, whose house had often been a refuge for hunted Romanists, though he himself was not of that faith. This gentleman's married niece, Mrs

Norton, lived not far from Bristol, the place, above all, that Charles was anxious to reach. So it was decided that Mrs Lane, his daughter-in-law, should visit this niece, who was known to be loyal to the Stuarts, and that she should ride behind the King; her husband, Colonel Lane, keeping them company, though pretending only to be out hawking.

House in which Charles II. lodged at Worcester

"There was great care taken when they came to any house, that the king might be presently carried to some chamber, Mrs Lane declaring 'that he was a neighbour's son, whom his father had lent her to ride before her, in the hope that he would the sooner recover from a quartan ague, with which he had been miserably afflicted, and was not yet free.' And thus she caused a good bed to be provided for him, and the best meat to be sent, which she often carried herself, to prevent others from doing it.

"They came to Mr Norton's house, and it being on a holy day they saw many people about on a bowling-green before the door; and the first man the king saw was a chaplain of his own, sitting upon the rails to watch the game.

"William, by which name the king went, walked with his horse into the stable, until his mistress could provide for his retreat. Mrs Lane was very welcome

to her cousin, and was conducted to her chamber, where she no sooner was, than she lamented the condition of 'a good youth, whom she had borrowed of his father to ride before her, who was very sick, being newly recovered from an ague,' and desired her cousin that 'a chamber might be provided for him and a good fire made: for that he would go early to bed, and was not fit to be belowstairs.'

"A pretty little chamber was at once made ready, and a fire prepared, and a boy sent into the stable to call William, and to show him his chamber, who was very glad to be there, freed from so much company as was below.

"When it was supper-time, there being broth brought to the table, Mrs Lane filled a little dish, and desired the butler, who waited at the table, 'to carry that dish of porridge to William, and to tell him that he should have some meat sent to him presently.'

"The butler carried the porridge into the chamber, with a napkin and spoon and bread, and spoke kindly to the young man, who was willing to be eating.

"The butler, looking narrowly upon him, fell upon his knees, and with tears told him 'he was glad to see his majesty.' The king was infinitely surprised, yet recollected himself enough to laugh at the man, and to ask him what he meant. The man made it appear that he knew well enough to whom he spoke, repeating some particulars which the king had not forgot. Whereupon the latter conjured him not to speak of what he knew, so much as to his master, though he believed him a very honest man.

"The fellow promised, and faithfully kept his word; and the king was the better waited upon during the time of his abode there."

Danger was not yet over, however, for the former chaplain of the King, who was also a doctor, whose loyalty was evidently not to be trusted, went up to see the supposed invalid, to the great alarm of those who were in the secret.

"The king saw him coming and withdrew to the inside of the bed, so that he might be farthest from the candle; and the doctor came and sat down by him, felt his pulse and asked him many questions, which he answered in as few words as possible, and expressed great inclination to go to his bed, to which the doctor left him, telling Mrs Lane that he had been with William, and that he would do well."

Finding it impossible to get a ship for France in the west, Charles lay hidden for a while among the Hampshire Downs, and then, disguised as a Roundhead, and accompanied by his most faithful friend Lord Wilmot, passed over into Sussex and descended into Houghton Forest, near Arundel. Narrowly escaping coming face to face with the Puritan governor of Arundel Castle, Captain Morley, they made their way on horseback to Amberley, and from thence by the high Downs path to Steyning.

At Bramber, a mile away, they came face to face with a handful of Cromwell's soldiers, who let them pass, however, with a few insults, and they hurried on to Portslade, where the King found a secret hiding-place in a cottage that stands there still.

Meantime a friend at Brighton, then Brighthelmstone, Captain Nicholas Tattersall by name, was on the look-out for a ship; and on a given signal, Charles rode into the town, met him at an inn, and was taken by him to Shoreham, from whence he sailed for France. Two hours after they left Brighton, "soldiers came thither to search for a tall black man, six feet four inches high."

The hunt was up, but the quarry had escaped. While the eldest son of the ill-fated Charles I. had thus fled in safety to the Continent, his young sister, the Princess Elizabeth, just a year earlier, had breathed her last. She had been sent with her little brother to Carisbrooke Castle, where they were practically prisoners, though they were kindly enough treated by those in whose charge they had been placed.

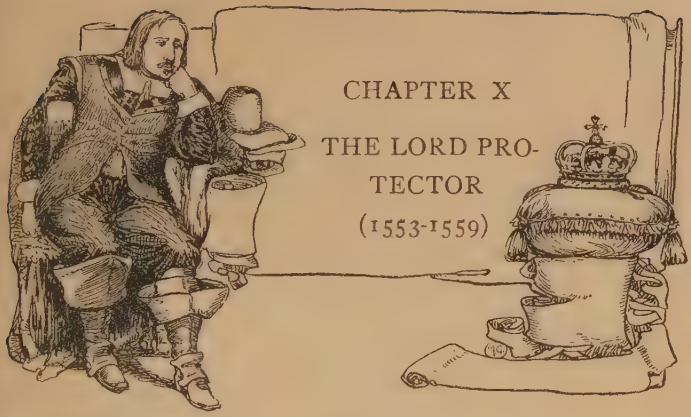
A Child of the Choir

There, whilst playing bowls in the garden with the little Duke, the Princess was caught in a shower, and took a chill. The girl, always frail, grew dangerously ill. At length she seemed to get better, but one Sunday afternoon, as they looked into her room, they found her sleeping her last long sleep, with her pale little cheek pillowed upon an open Bible.

"Child of girlhood's early grace,
Pale white rose of royal race,
Flower of France, and England's flower,
What dost here at twilight hour,
Captive bird in castle-hold,
Picture fair, and calm and cold,

Cold and still as marble stone,
In gray Carisbrook alone?
—Fold thy limbs and take thy rest,
Nestling of the silent nest."

Pewter Candlestick



CHAPTER X

THE LORD PROTECTOR (1553-1559)

WHEN Cromwell, the "strong man" of the day, had dealt faithfully with Ireland, Scotland and the North, there yet remained the question as to what was now to be the real governing power of England.

There was, it is true, the "Rump" Parliament; but that was entirely unrepresentative since the days of "Pride's Purge." There was the army, prepared to govern on the principle of "might is right." And there was, moreover, the nation, with its dread of military rule, and its dislike of the arbitrary methods of the "Rump," to be finally reckoned with.

As usual, Cromwell took a strong line, quite regardless of law and convention. Finding that the "Rump" was trying to pass a Bill with the object of prolonging its existence indefinitely, the General marched down to the House with a troop of soldiers, whom he posted near by, and proceeded to take his seat.

For a while he listened in silence, then, springing to his feet, he clapped his hat upon his head and, striding up and down the floor, began to reproach and to denounce the members by name.

One of these, Sir Peter Wentworth, rose and hotly denounced such language from one who was their servant.

"Come, come," shouted Cromwell, "I will put an end to your prating. You are no parliament. I say, you are no parliament. Call them in, call them in!"

One of his followers hastened to bring in the soldiers, upon which Sir Harry Vane exclaimed in protest.

"Sir Harry Vane, Sir Harry Vane!" cried Cromwell mockingly. "The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!"

Forthwith the soldiers cleared the House.

"What shall we do with this bauble?" said Cromwell, pointing to the mace. "Here, take it away!"

Then ordering the doors to be locked, he walked quietly back to his rooms at Whitehall.

Thus ended the famous Long Parliament, the most powerful that England has ever seen.

It was replaced by a series of experiments in government. The first of these consisted of a Parliament composed of a hundred and forty members drawn by Cromwell from the "godly members" of various Independent congregations, and chosen practically by their ministers. From the name of one of these, Praise-God Barebones, a leather-seller, this assembly was known as Barebones' Parliament. Though it contained some notable men, such as Monk, the soldier who was to restore the Stuart cause, it proved utterly unpractical, and was soon dissolved. It seems to have

Cromwell's Last Speech to the Long Parliament

taught Cromwell one lesson, and that was the necessity in England of some appearance of royal power, and from this time he appears to have had it in mind to make himself King. The army was with him, and by a constitution known as the "Instrument of Government," authority was now to be handed over to one person, the "Lord Protector," who, though ruling through a Parliament, was to have a control that was more than royal.

Pewter Communion Cup

It goes without saying that the person appointed to this office for life was Oliver Cromwell himself. But when his "Model Parliament" of the next year ventured to protest against the almost absolute power given by the "Instrument of Government," it was dissolved at the earliest possible date.

The next experiment was frankly that of absolute rule supported by the army. The whole country was split up into ten districts, and each of these was ruled by a Major-General, with his regiment under him. For more than a year England was thus governed by military authority, responsible to Cromwell alone. His next Parliament, in a document called the "Humble Petition and Advice," prayed Oliver to take the title of King, while leaving the House of Commons to be freely elected. The House of Peers was to be restored, but its members were to be nominated by him.

Before this suggestion of the Crown, Cromwell showed marked hesitation; but he knew the feeling of the army too well to accept. Even if they had wavered at first, many officers of high rank had now made up

their mind to resign if the royal power were revived in the person of one who had already shown his leanings towards despotic power.

But though Cromwell refused the Crown, he meant to make his hand felt in all departments of the Kingdom. Considering that three-fourths of the struggle had turned upon the religious question, it was a glorious opportunity for toleration; but the idea of toleration was foreign to the Puritan mind where the Church of England or that of Rome was concerned. Freedom for the religious sects that were multiplying so fast was one thing; but the Established Church had been too long bound up with the idea of royalty and the old order of things to meet with any sympathy. In the November of 1655 the Lord Protector issued a proclamation forbidding the use of the Common Prayer Book, and then tried to stamp out the old faith of this land. Only in secret could members of the English Church meet to hold their services, and the posts of those clergy who preferred to resign rather than give up the administration of the Sacraments were filled with Nonconformist ministers.

In the entry from the diary for Christmas Day, 1657, of Mr John Evelyn, a Royalist, we read: "I went to London with my wife to celebrate Christmas Day. Sermon ended, as Mr Gunning was giving us the Holy Sacrament, the chapel was surrounded by soldiers and all the communicants and assembly surprised and kept prisoners by them—some in the house, others carried away. In the afternoon came Colonel Whalley and others from Whitehall to examine us one by one; some they committed to the Marshal, some to prison. . . . Finding no reason to detain me, they dismissed

me. So I got home late the next day. Blessed be God!"

When Cromwell came to deal with foreign affairs, however, he was all for toleration in its widest sense; and when he demanded freedom for English trade in the colonies of Spain, the most intolerant nation in the world, he was extremely indignant when the Spanish ambassador refused, saying that such a request was as good as asking for his master's two eyes.

Cromwell at once sent out an expedition of buccaneers to attack San Domingo, and to assert by force the rights of Britain in the Indies. The result was not the one he looked for, but the island of Jamaica was taken and became one of our most valuable possessions.

Silver Crown of Oliver Cromwell

He now looked for an alliance with France, which had lately granted toleration to the French Protestants, or Huguenots, against Spain, by which he hoped to "set England at the head of the Protestant cause in Europe."

Yet, curiously enough, he had already measured swords with Holland, the most Protestant country of all. The reason is not hard to see. William II., the head of the Dutch Republic, had married Mary, the Stuart princess, daughter of Charles I., and was, therefore, not likely to be anything but hostile to the Lord Protector. Then, one of Cromwell's first aims had been the bringing in of a Navigation Act, requiring that all English goods should be exported and imported in English ships, except where merchandise was brought in ships belonging to the country from which it came.

This cut at the root of a main source of Dutch prosperity, for Holland had been for many years the Carrier of Europe. Hence that little country at once retaliated by trying to stop our trade in the Baltic, and refusing to salute the British flag upon the narrow seas.

For nearly two years this uninteresting and uneventful war continued. Van Tromp, the Dutch admiral, once defeated Blake at the mouth of the Thames and sailed up the Channel with a broomstick at his mast, to show that he had "swept the English from the seas"; but next year the Dutch were beaten three times over, and at length agreed to acknowledge Britain as mistress of the great waterways of Europe.

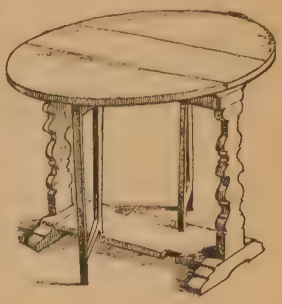
In this war, Cromwell had taken little interest; into the projected alliance with France he threw himself most eagerly, for he hoped to secure the expulsion of Charles Stuart from that country, and by its aid to make Britain once more one of the great powers of Europe.

France, too, was showing herself anxious for the alliance, when the rumour reached England of a horrible massacre of the Protestants in the valley of Vaud by the Duke of Savoy. The land groaned with horror, and, as in Milton's famous sonnet, called down the vengeance of heaven upon the murderers:

> "Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
> Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
> . . . in thy book record their groans
> Who were thy sheep and in their ancient fold
> Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, who rolled
> Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
> The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
> To heaven."

One country alone could stop these barbarities, and that was France, and, to his honour be it said, all idea of a French alliance was put aside by Cromwell until liberty of faith had been granted to the remnant of the unhappy Vaudois.

But while these negotiations were bringing fame to England abroad, the air at home was thick with plots and suspicions. The death of his favourite daughter, and, as some say, fear of assassination, weighed heavily upon the mind of the Lord Protector.



Oak Table

"About the middle of August (1658)," says Clarendon, "he was seized by an ague, from which he believed a little ease at Hampton Court would have relieved him. But the fits grew stronger, and his spirits much abated: so that he returned again to Whitehall when his physicians began to think him in danger; but he did not think he should die till even the time that his spirits failed him. Then he declared unto them 'that he did appoint his son to succeed him, his eldest son Richard'; and so expired upon the third day of September, 1658, a day he always thought very propitious, and on which he had twice triumphed in the victories of Dunbar and Worcester; a day very memorable for the greatest storm of wind that has ever been known, for some hours before and after his death, which overthrew trees, houses, and made great wrecks at sea; and within a few days after, the circumstance of his death that accompanied that storm, was known."

The same writer has summed up the work of this

strange, gloomy, powerful man in certain memorable sentences. "To reduce three nations (England, Ireland, Scotland) which perfectly hated him to an entire obedience to all his dictates, to awe and govern those nations by an army that was not devoted to him and wished his ruin, was an instance of a very prodigious address.

"But his greatness at home was but a shadow of the glory he had abroad. It was hard to discover which feared him most, France, Spain, or the Low Countries, where his friendship was current at the value he put upon it. As they did all sacrifice their honour and their interest to his pleasure, so there is nothing he could have demanded that any of them would have denied him.

Watch, said to have belonged to Cromwell

"He was not a man of blood. . . . In the council of officers it was more than once proposed 'that there might be a general massacre of all the royal party, as the only way to secure the government,' but that Cromwell would never consent to it; it may be out of too much contempt of his enemies."

Arms of Oliver Cromwell

THE death of Oliver Cromwell was followed by a year of anarchy. His work had passed into the hands of his son, a quiet country gentleman with no experience of public life. No one opposed Richard Cromwell when he was proclaimed as Lord Protector, for all feared that the time was ripe for another civil war, and were agreed that this must be avoided, even at the cost of putting a mere figurehead at the helm of the State.

Very soon, however, murmurs were heard from all quarters, for it was clear that Richard could never hold what Oliver had won by sheer strength of character.

The army, which had been his father's strongest means of support, grumbled openly at a man who knew nothing of military affairs, and when Richard summoned a new parliament, it at once declared that it held itself quite independent of the latter's control.

This was the signal for general disruption and disloyalty. One party in Parliament wanted to abolish the Protectorate altogether and make a "free Commonwealth" once again; another wished to limit Richard's power in every direction; another was in open rebellion against the rule of the major-generals.

And meanwhile the Royalists, so long silenced and oppressed, began to lift up their heads again and to hope for better days.

Silver and Cocoanut Cup

Before long this disunited Parliament was dismissed, and the former members of the Long Parliament, the "Rump," which Oliver had so curtly driven out in 1653, returned to Westminster.

Richard Cromwell hastily abdicated, knowing that he would be forced to do so, and retired with a right good will to his country house at Hursley, never to be heard of in public again.

The army had restored the Rump, but now the two powers at once began to quarrel as to which was to be supreme. When it came to the officers bidding their men turn back the members on their way to the House, the day of Royalist triumph was not far off.

In the midst of all this anarchy and confusion, one man alone inspired the confidence of both parties. General Monk, a silent reserved man, who had never altogether approved of the execution of the King and the oversetting of royal power, was Commander of the Forces in Scotland, where he held the greater part of the army under his control.

Both the opposing factions asked his aid, but though

he professed himself still in favour of a Commonwealth, in a letter to the "Rump," it was soon an open secret that he meant to take the first opportunity of settling matters by restoring the Stuart line.

By slow marches Monk advanced southward with his army, and little by little even the strongest partisans of the Commonwealth laid aside their opposition and prepared to support him.

On his recommendation, the "Rump" dissolved itself, and when a new Parliament was summoned "by the guardians of the liberties of this country," it was clear what the end would be.

One keen Republican, indeed, with a few ardent followers, made an impassioned declaration against having aught to do with the man Charles Stuart.

To this the Presbyterian party replied, with equal heat, that "they had had no part, by hand or heart, in the abominable murder of the King, which they looked upon with horror."

"Although I know not where I shall lay my head," cried the republican Scott, "I acknowledge that I took part in it both in hand and heart, and that I wish for no greater honour than to have these words inscribed upon my tombstone: "Here lies one who shared hand and heart in the execution of Charles I., King of England."

Amidst a roar of dissent and disapprobation, the little band of Republicans walked out of the House.

A few hours later Monk was receiving a messenger from Charles, bearing a letter from the King proposing his return. To this the General replied:

"Tell the King I trust he will pardon my past words and deeds, for my heart was always faithful to him;

and I am prepared to sacrifice my life and fortune to his cause."

On the 27th of April 1660, the new Parliament, which consisted almost entirely of Royalists or their sympathisers, assembled. Presently at the door appeared a royal messenger desirous of seeing General Monk. A packet sealed with the Royal Arms was handed over, and when he was asked whence he came he replied boldly: "My master, the King, gave me this packet with his own hands."

On the 1st of May he was summoned to appear again, and this time he handed the Speaker a letter from Charles dated "in the 12th year of our reign."

He proposed a pardon to all except the regicides, and freedom of conscience, with certain exceptions according to the will of Parliament. Great stress was laid on the fact that he depended for his safe return not on foreign assistance but on the "good will of his countrymen alone."

Messengers and money were at once sent to the Court at Breda, and on the 9th of May Charles was proclaimed King.

The whole of London went mad with joy. Oxen were roasted whole, the streets ran with wine, bonfires blazed, and the air was full of the noise of bells and the firing of cannon. The fleet was sent to fetch the King, and on his birthday, the 29th of May, he made his triumphal march from Dover to London amid the loyal shouts of the crowds of his subjects who lined the whole route.

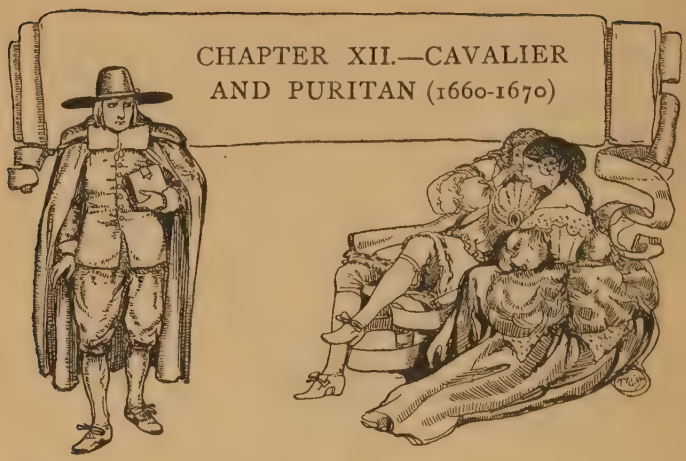
A horrid vengeance was still to be wreaked upon the bodies of Cromwell, Ireton and others, which were taken from their graves and hung at Tyburn; and some of the other regicides were executed. But the general

spirit of the Restoration was one of good will and forgetfulness of injuries.

"I am weary of hanging," said Charles to his ministers. "Let Parliament drop the Bill to execute the rest, for you know I cannot pardon them."

And if, in the joy and relief of his return, an "Act of Forgiveness and Oblivion" became one of "forgiveness" for his enemies and "oblivion" for his friends, none was found to carp at the measure or to criticise the King, at any rate during the first years of his reign.

A Bishop, Time of Charles II.



CHAPTER XII.—CAVALIER AND PURITAN (1660-1670)

THE next thirty years of this period show some very violent changes in our history.

The return of the Stuart king, Charles II., was followed, naturally enough, by a violent reaction against the whole spirit of Puritanism. Puritan ministers were turned out of the posts they had occupied in place of Church of England clergy, and because they resented this treatment were often persecuted as dangerous traitors. Everywhere Nonconformists had to labour under great disadvantages, and thus not only was the bitterness between the two religious parties increased, but this very persecution helped to strengthen the form of faith it hoped to stamp out.

This reaction was followed by an equally violent wave of feeling against the Papists, to which body the King was suspected of belonging; and when his brother James II., openly a Papist, succeeded him, this feeling

grew strong enough to drive the sovereign from the throne and to set up a revolution.

The political history of the reign of Charles is not easy to follow on account of these religious struggles, but to these we shall give but a small share of attention. Far more important and interesting are the condition and character of the people during this time, and the changes that were brought about by the Restoration. So, just as we studied in an earlier chapter the types of a Royalist and Roundhead, let us now make the acquaintance of a typical Cavalier and Puritan in the days of Charles II.

It would be hard, perhaps, to find a more typical figure to illustrate one side of the Restoration than that of the Merry Monarch himself. With none of his father's narrowness of view, Charles had inherited from his grandfather a caustic wit and a humorous turn of mind that earned for him the famous epigram:

> "Here lies our sovereign lord the King
> Whose word no man relies on,
> Who never said a foolish thing,
> And never did a wise one."

Pepys, the famous diarist of the time, whose diary is a perfect mine of information, says of him, "The King do mind nothing but pleasure, and hates the very sight or thoughts of business."

One of his own closest followers told him one day to his face that, though the affairs of the kingdom were in a very bad way, "there was one man whose employment would soon set them right, and this is one Charles Stuart, who now spends his time in

employing his life about the court, and hath no other employment."

He said himself that "he had no mind to go on his travels again," and so he took care not to offend the more powerful Puritans; but when it was safe he allowed his minister, Lord Clarendon, to persecute bitterly those who could not profess deep loyalty either to his person or to the Church which he restored. The historian Green ably sums up his influence on the times when he says: "It was difficult for Englishmen to believe that any real danger to liberty could come from such an idler. But in the very difficulty of believing this lay half the King's strength. He had, in fact, no taste whatever for the despotism of the Stuarts who had gone before him. His shrewdness laughed his grandfather's theories of Divine Right down the wind. His indolence made such personal rule as his father delighted in burdensome to him; he was too humorous a man to care for the pomp and show of power, and too good-natured a man to play the tyrant. He told Lord Essex 'that he did not wish to be like a Grand Signor, with some mutes about him, and bags of bowstrings to strangle men; but he did not think he was a king so long as a company of fellows were looking into his actions and examining his ministers as well as his accounts.' In other words, he had no settled plan of tyranny, but he meant to rule as independently as he could. . . . Whenever there was any strong opposition he gave way. . . . His humour never failed him; even on his

Charles II.

death-bed he turned to the weeping courtiers around him and whispered an apology for having been so unconscionable a time in dying."

Another example of the Cavalier type is the Duke of Buckingham, whom some of you may have met in the pages of Scott's "Peveril of the Peak." He was the son of the Duke who wrought so much mischief in the days of James I., and who fell before the knife of Felton, and he was himself brought up with the children of Charles I. With his young brother, Lord Francis Villiers, he as a youth of twenty fought in the last engagement that was undertaken for his royal master, and there, at Nonsuch, near Ewell, Lord Francis was cut down, and the Duke had a narrow escape from death. Refusing to surrender, he lost his vast estates, and became an exile, with his lifelong friend Prince Charles.

Silver Tankard

He fought at Worcester by the Prince's side, and after accompanying him as far as Boscobel House, was forced to leave him for the safety of Charles himself, and escaped in the dress of a labourer to London.

There, under the very nose of the Commonwealth leaders, he began to play that fantastic part for which he was henceforth to be famous. "He caused himself," says a writer of the time, "to be made a Jack Pudding's coat, a little hat with a fox's tail in it, and adorned with cock's feathers. Sometimes he appeared in a wizard's mask, sometimes he had his face bedaubed with flour, sometimes with lamp-black, as the fancy took him. He had a stage erected at Charing Cross,

where he was attended by violins and puppet-players. Every day he produced ballads of his own composition upon what passed in town. There he sang before

Buckingham wooing Fairfax's Daughter

several thousands of spectators, who every day came to see and hear him. And this he did in the midst of his enemies, whilst we were obliged to fly, and to conceal ourselves in some hole or other." How he

must have shocked the long-faced Puritans with such pranks!

After a while Buckingham crossed over to France, the usual refuge of Cavaliers during those troubled times, and, while there, heard that the greater part of his fine estates had been granted to Fairfax, the Parliamentary general. Now Fairfax had an only child, his daughter Mary, and this maiden Buckingham, graceless scamp though he was, made up his mind to win, thus regaining his lands and a wife to boot. So he crossed to Yorkshire, and by his handsome face and lively manners soon won the heart of the demure little Puritan. Nor was her father averse to the match, for, as you know, he and his wife had been strongly against the execution of the King, and were uneasy at holding Royalist estates. At New Appleton, the country seat of Fairfax, Buckingham lived the life of a Puritan squire until the Restoration summoned him to the Court.

There the Duke speedily became one of the most striking figures. Charming, handsome, wealthy and witty, he soon shone out as the typical Cavalier of that period. He gambled, fenced, made love, wrote lyrics, and wasted his fortune in the most extravagant dress. Presently he electrified the town by his "Rehearsal," a brilliant satire on the existing drama, introducing real personages and dealing a death-blow to the absurdities of the heroic plays of the period. He did not long outlive his royal master, whose work he had done little to help and much to hinder. His character, with that of many of his class, is well summed up by Sir Walter Scott in his "Peveril of the Peak," when he makes the pretended witch say to him:

"What are you? Nay, frown not; for you must hear the truth for once. Nature has done its part and made a fair outside, and courtly education hath added its share. You are noble—it is the accident of birth; handsome—it is the caprice of nature; generous—because to give is more easy than to refuse; well-apparelled—it is to the credit of your tailor; well-natured in the main—because you have youth and health; brave—because to be otherwise were to be degraded; and witty—because you cannot help it. I have neither allowed you a heart nor a head—I say not but nature may have given you both; but folly has confounded the one, and selfishness perverted the other."

This picture of the Cavalier paints only the more glaring types of that character. There were many, doubtless, gay, light-hearted fellows, as full of fun as they were void of vice, capable also of graver things when such were called for. But the ease and luxury of the Court of Charles II. was not such a training ground as their fathers had found in the camp of Charles I., when they could raise such songs as that sung by our poet, Browning:

"Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing:
And pressing a troop, unable to stoop
And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,
Marched them along, fifty score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!

Cavaliers up! Lips from the cup,
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup
Till you're marching along, fifty score strong
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!"

CAVALIER AND PURITAN

If a Cavalier were to draw for us the picture of the Puritan of the time, he would no doubt show us some such snuffling rascal as Scott paints in Corporal Grace-be-here Humgudgeon in the pages of "Woodstock." But a far truer type, as the historian Green points out, is to be found in such a character as that of the poet Milton.

"Milton," says Green, "is not only the highest but the completest type of Puritanism. His life is absolutely contemporaneous with that of his cause. He was born when it began to exercise a direct power over English politics and English religion; he died when its effort to mould them into its own shape was over, and when it had again sunk into one of many influences to which we owe our English character."

Milton, aged twenty

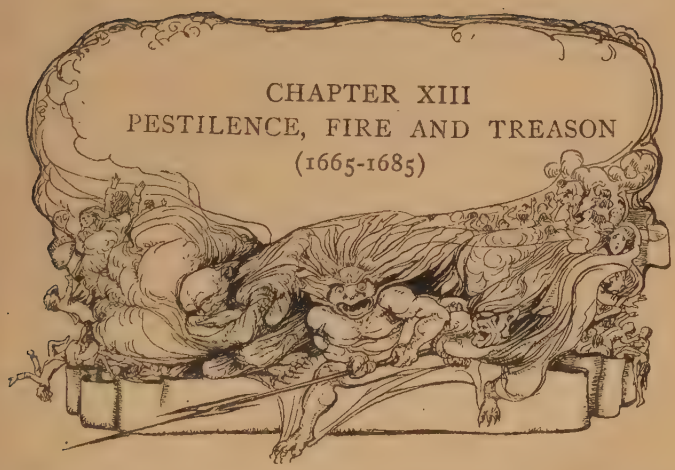
He goes on to show how Milton's early education, with its training in music and literature, was by no means narrow or illiberal, and even allowed room for a love for "Sweetest Shakespeare" and other writers for that stage which, by later Puritans, was strongly condemned. He himself wrote the masque *Comus* for the "antique pageantry" of a Royalist courtier, and revelled in the "pealing organ" and "anthem clear," which were so strictly silenced in Commonwealth days.

Throughout the dark years of the Civil War, Milton's pen was busy in fighting "for civil and religious freedom, for freedom of social life, and freedom for the press." This gained for him under the Protectorate the post of Latin secretary to Cromwell, when, in spite

of his rapidly increasing blindness, he wrote that "Defence of the English People" which justified the execution of Charles I.

The Restoration brought ruin, swift and pitiless, upon Milton. His "Defence" was ordered to be burnt by the common hangman; he was imprisoned for a time, and when released discovered that almost all his money had been lost, part through a friend's default, and part in the Great Fire of London. Poor, lonely, unloving and unlovable in his grim old age, his daughters in revolt against his iron rule, forgotten by all save a few literary friends, he yet in these grey years produced that wonderful poem, "Paradise Lost," whose "severe grandeur" is the finest example of the true spirit of Puritanism.

Delft Goblet



CHAPTER XIII
PESTILENCE, FIRE AND TREASON
(1665-1685)

FIVE years after the Restoration was accomplished, London was visited by the last and the greatest of those terrible epidemics from which it had not been free since the days of the Black Death. This was little to be wondered at, for the city was greatly overcrowded, the streets very narrow, the sewers open on either side, and new houses were rising on the very spots which had but lately received the refuse of the town.

The plague began to appear between the April and June of 1665. In July the King and his Court fled to Salisbury, a cordon was drawn round the walls to prevent infection being carried elsewhere, and the plague-stricken city settled down to despair and death. To the great credit of the Nonconformist ministers, who had by now been turned out of their Church of England livings, they remained among the doomed when Court, clergy and doctors had fled. This is how

one of them describes the state of things during that dreadful August:

"Now people fall as thick as the leaves in autumn when they are shaken by a mighty wind. Now there is a dismal solitude in London streets; every day looks with the face of a Sabbath day, observed with a greater solemnity than it used to be in the city. Now shops are shut up, people rare, and very few that walk about, insomuch that the grass begins to spring in some places, and a deep silence is in every place, especially within the walls. No prancing horses, no rattling coaches, no calling in customers nor offering wares, no London cries sounding in the ears. If any voice be heard, it is the groans of dying persons breathing forth their last, and the funeral knells of them that are ready to be carried to their graves.

Watchmen (Dekker)

"Now shutting up of visited houses (there being so many) is at an end, and most of the well are mingled among the sick, which otherwise would have got no help.

"Now, in some places, where the people did generally stay, not one house in a hundred but what is affected, and in many houses half the family is swept away; in some from the eldest to the youngest:

Street Scene during the Plague

few escape but with the death of one or two. Never did so many husbands and wives die together; never did so many parents carry their children with them to the grave, and go together into the same house under earth who had lived together in the same house upon it.

"Now the nights are too short to bury the dead: the whole day, though at so great a length, is hardly sufficient to light the dead that fall thereon into their graves."

The Broad Stone, East Retford, Notts, on which Money was placed in exchange for Goods during the Plague

Trade with the outside world came necessarily to an end. Even in the country places, where there was any suspicion of infection, the money for goods purchased was laid in a hollowed stone set up in the wayside hedge, and was exchanged for the goods laid upon the same spot by the seller, thus avoiding any personal contact.

In the city itself further precautions were taken. "When anyone bought a joint of meat in the market, they would not take it out of the butcher's hand, but took it off the hook themselves. On the other hand, the butcher would not touch the money, but had it put into a pot full of vinegar, which he kept for that purpose."

September saw the otherwise empty streets blazing with bonfires, in the hope of purifying the air; the colder weather proved however of more avail, and by the following spring the plague had almost died out.

Six months later, when King and Court had returned to town, a fresh blow, that was really a blessing in disguise, fell upon London.

"This fatal night," writes Mr Evelyn in his diary for 2nd September, "about ten, began that deplorable fire near Fish Street in London." Beginning at a baker's house in Pudding Lane, the fire raged through the city for three days and nights, and is thus described by the same writer, an eye-witness of the scene.

"The fire having continued all this night (if I may call that night which was as light as day for ten miles round about) and driven by a fierce east wind in a very dry season, I saw the whole south part of the city burning from Cheapside to the Thames and all along Cornhill . . . and the fire was now taking hold of St Paul's Church. The conflagration was so universal and the people so astonished that from the beginning they hardly stirred to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, and running about like distracted creatures without at all attempting to save their goods. It burned both in length and breadth, the Churches, Public Halls, Exchange, Hospitals, Monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a wonderful manner from house to house and street to street. . . . Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, and the carts carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewn with moveables of all sorts.

"All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, the light seen above forty miles round for many nights.

"God grant my eyes may never again behold the like,

nor see above 10,000 houses all in one flame; the noise and creaking and thunder of the impetuous flames: the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses and churches, was like an hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed that at last one was not able to approach it. . . . The clouds of smoke were dismal and reached

The Burning of Newgate and Old St Paul's

nearly fifty miles in length. London was, but is no more!"

That terrible year is finally summed up by Pepys when he writes on the last day of December 1666: "Thus ends this year of public wonder and mischief to this nation. Public matters in a most sad condition; seamen discouraged for want of pay, and are become not to be governed; nor, as matters are now, can any fleet go out next year. . . . A sad vicious negligent

Court, and all sober men thus fearful of the ruin of the whole kingdom this next year, from which, good Lord deliver us!"

Well indeed might Pepys write in dismal foreboding, for a war with Holland "none knew for what reason" was afoot, and in June of the next year the Dutch fleet sailed up the Thames, burned three of our warships and carried off the fourth, the *Royal Charles*, as a trophy of victory. "A dreadful spectacle," says Evelyn, "and a dishonour never to be wiped off."

The Dutch War ended in an inglorious peace; but meantime a new London was rising under the magic spell of the architect, Sir Christopher Wren. It has been said of him that "he restored London, and that the noblest temple, the largest palace, the most sumptuous hospital in Britain are all works of the same hand." To him we owe, therefore, St Paul's Cathedral, the Monument, Temple Bar, Marlborough House, and Greenwich and Chelsea Hospitals, besides part of Westminster Abbey (the west tower), and about fifty churches.

More important still is the fact that the new city was built on healthier lines, with wider streets and fewer "blind alleys," which accounts for the fact that never again did a "Great Plague" visit London.

Encouraged by the sight of fine buildings, the men of the Stuart Period began now to pay more attention to interior decoration. The genius of this kind of work was Grinling Gibbons, who was discovered as a poor lad by that same Mr John Evelyn with a part of whose diary we are already acquainted.

"I found him," he says, "shut in a poor solitary thatched house in a field in our parish" (Deptford) "near

Sayes Court; but looking in at the window, I perceived him carving that huge cartoon of Tintoret from Venice . . . I asked if I might enter . . . and questioned him why he worked in such an obscure and lonesome place; he told me that he might apply himself to his profession without interruption. I asked him if he

Costume of Nobility and Gentility in the Time of Charles II.

would not be willing to be made known to some great man, for that I believed it might turn to his profit; he answered that he was but a beginner as yet, but would not be sorry to sell off that piece . . . for £100. In good earnest, the very frame was worth the money, there being in nature nothing so tender and delicate as the flowers and festoons about it, and yet the work was very strong; in the piece were more than a hundred figures of men."

In most of our great historic houses, especially at Petworth, and at Windsor Castle, are still to be seen wonderful examples of the skill of Grinling Gibbons.

When a new London arose on the ashes of the old, new parks and pleasure grounds came into existence. Hyde Park had been a fashionable resort in the days of Charles I., but St James's Park was opened to the public by Charles II., and the rank and fashion of the Court were to be found there feeding the waterfowl or taking the air in Gray's Inn Gardens.

Vauxhall, or Foxhall, too is spoken of as the New Spring Garden where folk walked to hear the nightingales sing. The ordinary citizens preferred to promenade in Lamb's Conduit Fields, off High Holborn, in Hoxton Fields, or the Spa Fields, Clerkenwell. Men, as well as women of fashion, carried large muffs on these occasions, and wore large low hats with a bow at the side. The vest, or long waistcoat, came into vogue, and the tunic or loose coat, with rows of gold buttons and gold braid. The vest was often tied with a sash, and tight knee-breeches with knots of ribbon completed the costume.

Costume of the Middle Class

Little girls wore "hanging sleeves," little boys "long coats," much like those of the Bluecoats at the present day. Long trains, cocked and plumed hats and per-

fumed gloves were the marks of a lady of fashion, with a black patch here and there upon the face or chin.

Breakfast in the days of the Merry Monarch still consisted of a draught of ale with bread and butter; dinner was still the chief meal, and was eaten at one o'clock. Pepys in 1667 notes that he finds his wife making tea, "a drink which the Potticary tells her is good for her cold." Another writer speaks of the practice, apparently increasing, of serving tea after dinner, instead of wine, as "a filthy custom; a base unworthy Indian practice."

During the dark days of the Civil War supper had become a rare meal, but after the Restoration the rich would sit down to meat or fish, the poor merely drinking hot ale before bedtime. Manners were still far from "polite" at such meals.

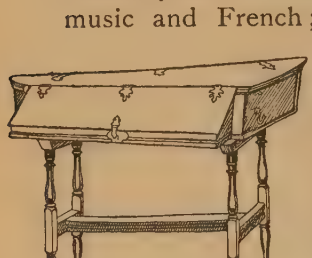
"On the English table," says a foreign visitor, "there are no forks. A beaker was set before each person, and at the end of the meal, each dips the end of his napkin therein, and with this they clean their teeth and wash their hands. At table the guests were all seated on chairs without backs and wore their hats."

The chief change that was to be seen in the education of boys and girls since the beginning of the Stuart Period was in the far greater attention paid to accomplishments, such as music, dancing and fencing. This was due, no doubt, to the influence of the French Court on the opinions of the Royalist exiles during the Commonwealth.

The "Complete Gentleman" had still to "finish" his education abroad in order to learn manners; but hard mental work was still expected from the scholars

of Westminster and Eton, where Latin was the daily language spoken, and essays were written in Hebrew and Arabic as well as in Greek.

For the first time some attention was now paid to the "higher education" of girls. Boarding schools at Hackney and Chelsea taught only dancing, painting, music and French; but a studious girl in a literary home could go much further. Evelyn, writing of a well-loved daughter, who died at the age of nineteen, says, "She had collected and written out many of the most useful and judicious periods of the books she read in a kind of commonplace [book]. She had read and digested a considerable deal of history. The French tongue was as familiar to her as English, and she understood Italian."



Spinet

In the general reaction and relief at the downfall of the Puritan rule, Englishmen had overlooked the fact that Charles, for all his easy-going ways, was in reality aiming at despotic power even more surely than his father and grandfather. In this he was encouraged by Louis XIV., King of France, who had made himself the supreme power in that country. Forgetful of the loyalty he owed to English interests Charles stooped again and again to secret treaties with France even when he was openly at war with that land.

There is no doubt also that he was, during the latter part of his reign, a Roman Catholic, but he lacked the courage shown by his brother, James, Duke of York, and many leading statesmen, in openly declaring his

faith. The air of London however was thick with suspicions concerning the intentions of the French king towards both the government and the religion of England; and it only needed the appearance of an impudent liar, in the person of a certain Titus Oates, to make the nation go wild with terror and panic.

Titus Oates was a man of infamous character, who had been by turns a Baptist minister, a curate, a navy chaplain, and a postulant in a Jesuit college; and had from each been expelled for misconduct. Returning to London from his last resort, and pressed by the necessity of making a livelihood, he took advantage of the general air of suspicion to concoct a story of a "Popish plot" to kill the King and destroy the Protestantism of England. He took his tale to the Court, but Charles would hear nothing. Then he laid the details before a magistrate, named Sir Edmundsbury Godfrey, taking care at the same time that they should be widely known, or at least guessed at, by the multitude; and the fears of the latter turned to open panic when Sir Edmundsbury was found dead in a field with his own sword stuck through his heart. It may have been suicide, but the populace took it for murder, and declared it to be an attempt of the Jesuits to "stifle the plot."

A public funeral was followed by crowds of the London citizens, and the matter of the "Plot" was at once taken up by the powerful Lord Shaftesbury, the champion of the Protestant or "Whig" Party, who had lately come out in open opposition to the Royalists or "Tories."

Accepting without a shadow of proof the statements of Oates, he soon had five Catholic peers and over two

thousand people in prison on suspicion. On the pretence of a general rising, every Catholic was ordered to leave London, and meantime Shaftesbury had forced through a reluctant Parliament a bill excluding all Papists from the two Houses, and it was only by a narrow escape that James, the King's brother, was not excluded from the throne. All this while there had been a veritable reign of blood; hundreds were executed, and it was only when Charles, bowing before the storm, dissolved his Cavalier Parliament that the panic began to abate.

Judge in time of Charles II.

Then men began to be ashamed of their thirst for vengeance, especially when all manner of contradictions in the stories of Oates and his accomplices began to come to light. Very soon a marked change in the attitude of the people toward the victims became apparent. "When the first sufferers in the plot were brought to the bar," says Macaulay, "the witnesses for the defence were in danger of being torn in pieces by the mob. Judges, jurors and spectators seemed equally indifferent to justice, and equally eager for revenge. But Lord Stafford, the last sufferer, was pronounced not guilty by a large minority of his peers; and when he protested his innocence on the scaffold, the people cried out, "God bless you, my lord; we believe you, my lord."

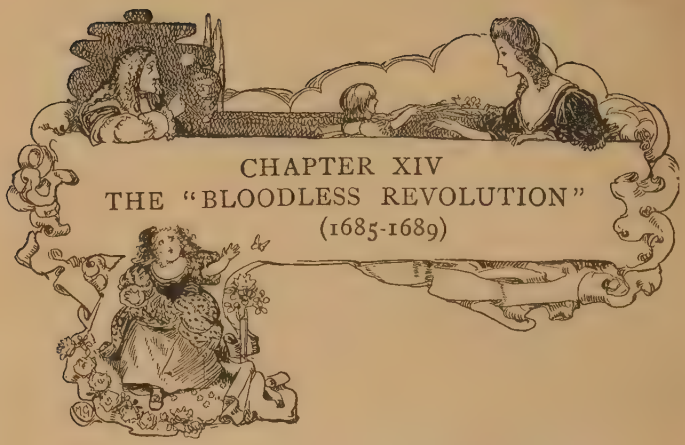
During the next few years the reaction against this infamous story grew so strong that when Shaftesbury made a bold push to secure a Protestant succession to the throne by force, he was obliged to flee the

country for his life. Dryden has drawn for us his character when he wrote:

> "For close designs and crooked counsels fit;
> Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
> Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
> In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace;
> A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
> Fretted the pigmy body to decay."

It only needed the discovery of another "plot," this time on the part of the Protestant Whigs, with the aim of assassinating both Charles and his brother as they passed the Rye House on their way to Newmarket, to secure a strong wave of popularity for the Royalist cause; and on the top of this wave James, Duke of York, Papist though he was, was triumphantly proclaimed King, on the death of Charles, in the year 1685.

Silver Apostle Spoon, Early Seventeenth Century



CHAPTER XIV
THE "BLOODLESS REVOLUTION"
(1685-1689)

"I PLEDGE myself to preserve the laws inviolate and to protect the Church of England." Such were the words of James II., brother of Charles, on the day of his accession; and as the people, filled with anxiety at the thought of a Papist sovereign, heard them, they cried out in sheer relief:

"We have the word of a King! And of a King who was never worse than his word!"

Yet within two years James had, quite illegally, established a tyranny by means of a standing army, and was doing his best to force the Roman Catholic religion on the country.

At first he had the people with him; only in Scotland and in the west was there any attempt to contest his claim to the throne. In the latter part of the kingdom the farmers and traders of Devon and Dorset, Whigs and Protestants to a man, rose in favour of the handsome young Duke of Monmouth, the late King's illegitimate son. At Taunton a troop of white-

The Battle of Sedgemoor

frocked girls strewed his path with flowers, and laid before him the banners they had themselves embroidered. But the gentry stood aloof, and the undrilled labourers, armed with scythes and picks, fled in dismay before the well-drilled royal troops at Sedgemoor. Of this unhappy conflict Blackmore gives a fine description in his "Lorna Doone." He tells how his hero, "girt Jan Ridd," rides on to the moorland in a thick fog, through which comes to his bewildered ears the noise of an unseen battle:

"It was an awful thing to hear the sounds of raging fight and the yells of raving slayers, and the howls of poor men stricken hard, and shattered from wrath to wailing; then suddenly the dead low hush as of a soul departing, and spirits kneeling over it. Through the vapour of the earth and white breath of the water and beneath the pale round moon all the rush and pause of fear passed, or lingered, on my path.

"Presently . . . we came upon a broad open moor . . . and the summer sun arising wanly showed us all the ghastly scene. . . . Flying men, flung back from dreams of victory and honour, only glad to have the luck of limbs and life to fly with, mud-bedraggled, foul with slime, reeking both with sweat and blood, which they could not stop to wipe. . . . And to see how the dead lay! Some as fair as death in sleep, with the smile of placid valour on the silent lips. Others were of different sort; simple fellows, unused to pain, used to the hill-work perhaps or rasp of the knuckles in a quickset hedge . . . yet here they lay dead, after a deal of pain, with little mind to bear it. . . .

"Nearly all were scattered now. Of the noble countrymen (armed with scythe, or pickaxe, or blacksmith's

hammer) who had stood their ground for hours against blazing musketry from men whom they could not get at, by reason of the water-dyke . . . of these sturdy Englishmen, noble in their want of sense, scarce one out of four remained for the cowards to shoot down.

"'Cross the rhaine' (dyke)! they shouted out. 'Cross the rhaine and come within reach!' But the other mongrel Britons, with a mongrel at their head, found it pleasanter to shoot men who could not shoot in answer, than to meet the chance of mischief from strong arms and stronger hearts.

"Then the cavalry of the King, with their horses at full speed, dashed from either side upon the helpless mob of countrymen. A few pikes feebly levelled met them; but they shot the pikemen, drew swords, and helter-skelter leaped into the shattered and scattering mass. Right and left they hacked and hewed; I could hear the snapping of scythes beneath them, and see the flash of their sweeping swords. How it must end was plain enough, even to one who had never seen a battle before."

The unhappy young Duke, found half starved in a ditch some days after the fight, was sent to execution by the King, and a terrible revenge was taken on the fair west country. Three hundred and fifty rebels, mostly country-folk, were hanged by Judge Jeffreys on his "Bloody Circuit"; nearly a thousand were sold as slaves in the Colonies, and as many more were imprisoned and flogged. Gentlewomen, such as Dame Alice Lisle, who had but sheltered a fugitive rebel for the night, were beheaded at Winchester, or burnt at Tyburn. For James knew neither mercy nor pity. "This marble is not harder than the King's heart!"

cried one of his own officers, laying his hand on the mantelpiece. This rebellion was made the pretext for raising a large "standing army" to be always in readiness to carry out his commands by force (1685-1686).

It was not long before the King's real intentions with regard to the English Church became clear. Roman Catholics were appointed to vacant posts in the universities, and when the Fellows objected to elect one of these as their head, the King "rated them like schoolboys." "I am King! I will be obeyed! Go to your chapel this instant and elect the Bishop! Let those who refuse look to it, for they shall feel the whole weight of my hand."

Anne of Denmark, Queen of James II.

He next tried to "buy" the favour of the Nonconformists by making a Declaration of Indulgence, which offered liberty of worship to both Papists and Dissenters. But it was easy to be seen that his intention was to "squeeze out" the latter presently, when he had established his own form of faith in the land; and, knowing this, the Nonconformists for the most part rejected the offer with scorn.

For a while the nation waited in patience, hoping for better days when the King's daughter, Mary, who had married William, Prince of Orange, Stadtholder of Holland, should succeed to the throne. Then its hopes were suddenly crushed by the news of the birth of a prince (1688), who would of course be brought up in the faith of his father. In the midst of the alarm occasioned by a second Declaration of Indulgence, which was ordered

to be proclaimed in every church, seven bishops, led by Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, petitioned the King that they might not be forced to read it.

"This is flat rebellion!" said the angry James.

"But we are bound to fear God as well as honour the King," they fearlessly replied. James would gladly

The Seven Bishops on their Way to the Tower

have deprived them of their sees, but this was beyond his power, and they were committed to the Tower on a charge of libel (1688).

"They passed to their prison amid the shouts of a great multitude, the sentinels knelt for their blessing as they entered its gates, and the soldiers of the garrison drank their healths."

Even the supporters of the King urged him to "show

indulgence" to the Seven Bishops, when they heard that the Cornishmen were preparing to march on London and rescue their own prelate. But James was as obstinate as he was narrow.

"Indulgence ruined my father!" was his reply.

On their way to be tried at Westminster Hall so great a multitude lined the road that even the papal ambassador, then in London, was moved to warm admiration. "Of that immense concourse of people who received them on the bank of the river, the majority in their immediate neighbourhood were on their knees; the Archbishop laid his hand on the heads of such as he could reach, exhorting them to continue steadfast in their faith; they cried aloud that all should kneel, while tears flowed from the eyes of many."

The judges and the jury were "packed"—that is, were chosen from men known to be supporters of James; but even these dared not fly completely in the face of such strongly expressed public opinion. After a trial of ten hours, the jury considered their verdict during the night, and at nine o'clock next day, when the Hall and streets in the neighbourhood were blocked with people, they declared the bishops to be "Not Guilty."

"It was instantly echoed from without by a shout of joy, which sounded like a crack of the ancient and massy roof of Westminster Hall. It passed with wonderful rapidity from voice to voice along the infinite multitude who waited in the streets. It reached the Temple in a few minutes. For a short time no man seemed to know where he was. 'The acclamations,' says an eye-witness, 'were a very rebellion in noise.'

In no long time they reached the camp at Hounslow, and were repeated with an ominous voice by the soldiers in the hearing of the King, who, on being told that they were for the acquittal of the bishops said: 'So much the worse for them.'" (Mackintosh).

The bells that rang with joy for the verdict in favour of the Seven Bishops rang also the death knell of the reign of James II. Already the eyes of the nation were turning toward Mary, daughter of James, and her husband, William, Prince of Orange. The leading men were in communication with them; and in November 1688 the Dutch Prince set sail for England.

On both sides of the Channel the French and English crowded the shores to gaze at the Dutch fleet as it made its way through the Straits of Dover; and James, who had sent an army to Yorkshire, in the expectation that William would land there, was hastily informed that the fleet of the invader was off Beachy Head.

Two days later it had cast anchor in Torbay, and there, amid the welcome of the men of Devon, the Dutch troops disembarked. But William had no intention of forcing a way to the throne; he had come, he said, to "remedy abuses and to insist on a free Parliament," but he knew that he had the support of almost all the country. Every day news was brought in to the camp of James of regiments and officers deserting to the side of the Dutch Prince, and the information that his own daughter Anne, with her husband, had followed their example, shook the King's nerve completely. At the moment when he should have held out most stoutly, he fled, and even his flight was ineffective.

Having spent the evening in destroying batches of valuable papers, he rose at midnight, disguised himself in a suit of dark clothes, and accompanied by one follower, left Whitehall and was rowed across the Thames. As the boat crossed the dark waters, the King took the Great Seal from his pocket, and dropped it overboard, foolishly thinking that he could thus put a stop to all business of State.

Wooden Nut-crackers

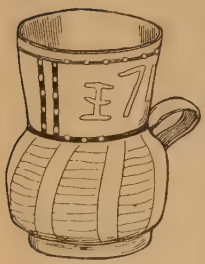
His other pockets were loaded with the royal jewels, and with these he hastened from Vauxhall to Faversham, where he embarked for France. Bad weather, however, drove him ashore near Sheerness. The fishermen of the place saw the strange boat, and, always on the lookout for fugitive Papists, boarded the little vessel and treated the inmates in rude fashion. The King's friend, Sir Edward Hales, decided to take the leader of the gang into his confidence, and got him to agree to assist on payment of a sum of money. With his aid the fugitives were smuggled ashore and taken to an inn, being looked on by the rest as Papist priests in disguise.

Before long the King was recognised by one of the sailors, and a gleam of hope shone through his despair when he heard that the rest of them had bound themselves together not to let him be injured in any way. Still, he was not free to go where he would, and it soon became clear that they were only protecting his person in order to hand him over unhurt to the new authorities.

Meantime, when his absence had been discovered,

all was confusion in the capital. Some were of opinion that the Prince of Orange should be at once declared King, and these called upon him to come to London and summon a Parliament. Two days after the escape, a letter, consisting of one sentence only, was brought by a rustic to the Council Chamber. It was in James' handwriting and informed the members of the Privy Council that he was a prisoner at Faversham.

A detachment of guards was at once sent "to protect the royal person from insolence"; and ere long the King once more appeared in London.



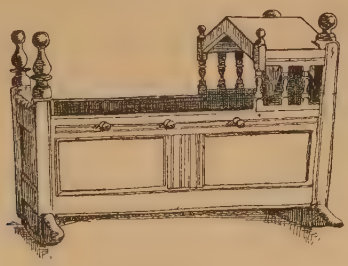
Drinking Mug

His people, perhaps in relief that the King had reconsidered his undignified decision, pealed the bells, and lit bonfires in the streets; but the rejoicings rang hollow.

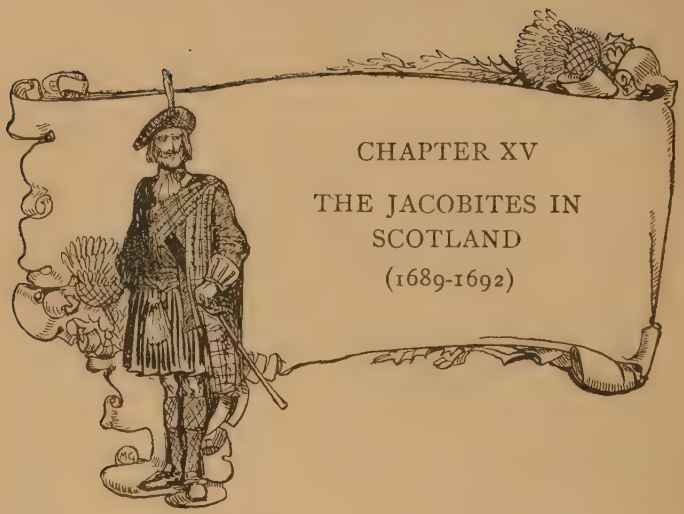
No one objected when a message from William bade the King leave Whitehall for Ham, near Richmond. The King was in bed and asleep when the message came, but he at once agreed to go, only stipulating that his exile might be to Rochester, and not to so cold and damp a spot as Ham.

On a dark and threatening day of December 1688 James was escorted to his barge by troops of Dutch soldiers, and, watched by crowds from the banks, passed slowly down the river. The back of the house in which he was lodged was, by William's orders, left quite unguarded, and at length, a week after the citizens of London had welcomed William, waving oranges at the end of their sticks, the ex-King was

slipping down the Thames in a vessel bound for France, and thence made his way to the Palace of St Germain. The "bloodless revolution" was over, and William III. and Mary were proclaimed King and Queen (January 1689).



Oak Cradle, 1691



CHAPTER XV

THE JACOBITES IN SCOTLAND (1689-1692)

ALTHOUGH William III. was perhaps the ablest statesman that ever sat upon the English throne, as a king he possessed one great drawback. A thorough Dutchman, he never cared to understand the English point of view, or to identify himself with Englishmen.

The interests of England were never first with him; even his aim in becoming King was not to use his power in ruling this country well, so much as to employ the support of Englishmen in carrying on his wars abroad. His one great object was to lessen the ever-increasing power of France, and to that end he was engaged during the greater part of his reign in a war with Louis XIV. that lasted well into the reign of his successor. The story of this war and its important

results will be told in a future chapter. (See Chapter XVII.)

His marked partiality for his own countrymen, his brusque manners and curious reticence, all served to make him extremely unpopular in England; and when it was known that he spent his spare time in laying out a Dutch garden at Hampton Court, and preferred the quietness of his new palace at Kensington to the splendours of Whitehall, the grumbling remarks of the citizens were by no means few and far between. But they realised too well the real power that lay beneath that quiet reserved exterior to do more than grumble; and it was not in England that William met with any difficulty or opposition.

William III.

In Scotland and Ireland, however, there were strong partisans of James; and these, about this time, took, from the word "Jacobus," the Latin version of the King's name, the name of "Jacobites."

In Scotland a revolt against William was soon afoot (1689) under Claverhouse, better known as "Bonnie Dundee," the idol of the Highland clans. He it was who bade defiance to the Convention, or assembly which supported William, as Scott's spirited ballad describes:

"To the lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke,
'Ere the King's crown go down, there are crowns to be broke,
Then each cavalier that loves honour and me
Let him follow the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horses, and call out my men;
Unhook the west port, and let us go free,
For it's up with the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee!

"'Then away to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper, I'll crouch with the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnets and me.
Come, fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horses and call out my men,
Unhook the west port, and let us go free
For it's up with the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee!'"

Riding forth from Edinburgh in the very face of the outraged provost, Dundee soon raised a body of about two thousand Highlanders and marched to the defence of the Castle of Blair, the key to the Northern Highlands.

To reach this he had to journey by a narrow road bordering a river which rushes with violence through a narrow glen. On either side of this Pass of Killiecrankie rise wooded mountains and high precipices; the farther end opens into a wide valley.

It was in this valley that Dundee determined to fight the English troops which were advancing to Blair rather than in the Pass itself; for he wished, apparently, to impress the latter with the fact that he had no need to take advantage of them by entrenching his men in the strongest position possible.

With heavy forebodings the Englishmen hurried through the dangerous defile, and heard their appearance in the valley greeted by the shrill yell of the Highland clans. Their answering shout sounded dull and depressed, and the fact was promptly noted by the clansmen of Lochiel.

About an hour before sunset the battle began with the swift advance of the Highlanders and the skirl of their bagpipes. Part of the English army was routed at once, and driven in headlong confusion into the river; two regiments, however, stood firm for a while; and it was in leading the clan Macdonald against them, with his right arm raised, as though to point the way to victory, that Dundee was struck by a silver bullet, and fell mortally wounded.

When the whole of that English army had been destroyed or put to flight, a Highlander found the Viscount lying under a bush, and tried to raise him in his arms.

"How goes the day for King James?" he asked faintly.

"Well for him," said the man, "but my heart is sore for your lordship."

"If 'tis well for him, it matters the less for me," were the last words of that King's most loyal servant.

In spite of this great victory, the Jacobite cause in Scotland after the death of Dundee was doomed. Clan after clan submitted, but one of the last to do so was that of the Macdonalds of Glencoe; and thereby hangs a terrible tale of revenge and treachery.

MacIan, the chieftain of the clan of Macdonald, having put off making his submission until the last moment, was delayed by bad weather and a wrong road, and arrived at his destination a few days after the appointed time. He was assured, however, that all would be well, and returned home with a light heart.

Now the Secretary for Scotland, Lord Stair, was exceedingly anxious to make an example of some of these rebel clans, and bore a special grudge against the Macdonalds. Ignoring the fact that the latter's

submission had been accepted, he wrote to Livingstone, the commander of the English troops, a letter containing these words, "for a just example of vengeance, I entreat that the thieving tribe in Glencoe may be rooted out in earnest."

For this, Livingstone, although he knew by that time that MacIan had taken the oath, obtained the permission of William, and sent instructions to "begin with Glencoe and spare nothing that belongs to him, but do not trouble the Government with prisoners."

Into the wild valley of Glencoe rode one day a regiment commanded by Captain Campbell of Glenlyon, a name hated of old by the Macdonalds. "Come you as friends or foes?" asked the sons of MacIan, as they met them at the narrow approach to the glen. They replied that they had been sent to take up their quarters for a short time in Glencoe, as Fort William was overcrowded. Upon this they were received with the utmost hospitality, that was all the warmer because Glenlyon's niece was married to Alister Macdonald, one of MacIan's sons.

A fortnight later came a message to Glenlyon from his commanding officer, and immediately the dastardly work was set on foot. To disarm any possible suspicion, and to take his kindly hosts entirely unawares, Glenlyon took his usual morning draught at the house of Alister Macdonald, and even accepted an invitation to dine with MacIan on the following day. That evening he played at cards with the sons of MacIan, and retired to bed for a few brief hours before the slaughter should begin.

At four o'clock, in the cold dark February morning, a party of the soldiers knocked at MacIan's door and

Incident in the Massacre of Glencoe

asked for shelter and food. They were at once admitted, and the old chieftain himself rose hastily from his bed to entertain them. In the act of dressing, he was shot dead; and his aged wife was so ill-used by the rough soldiers that she died next day.

Meantime the sons of MacIan had become uneasy owing to some talk of the soldiers to the effect that, if they had to fight the men of the glen, they would they could fight them fairly. They returned late that night to Glenlyon, from whom they had but lately parted, and finding him and his men furbishing their weapons asked what it all meant. He assured them that he was making ready for a distant expedition and added, with cruel treachery, "If anything evil had been intended, would I not have told Alister and my niece?" So they went to their beds, only to be awakened by an old servant who cried hoarsely: "Is it time for you to be sleeping when your father is murdered on his own hearth?"

Amid the shrieks of the murdered and shouts of the murderers, these sons of the chieftain escaped by climbing some almost inaccessible cliffs, and lived to tell the awful tale.

On that terrible morning no mercy was shown by the soldiers. The very men who had feasted and sheltered them were the first to be cut down; and even when Glenlyon was moved for a moment by the sight of a beautiful boy of six years old, who clung to his knees in an agony of supplication, his comrade stabbed the child and kicked the little body carelessly aside. When they understood what was happening, numbers of the clansmen, with most of the women and children, escaped from their burning huts to the horrors of the stormy hillsides on that bitter winter's day, and there

many sank and died amid the snow-wreaths. When a reinforcement arrived to aid Glenlyon in his work of butchery, no Macdonald was found alive in Glencoe save one old man of eighty, whom they put to death (1692).

Such was the Massacre of Glencoe; a deed of cruelty that hardened the hearts of the Jacobites and kept alive the feud between them and the Royalists for many a long, long year.

The rest of Scotland, however, was prepared to accept William as King, though there was still much ill-feeling between the two countries because of the disabilities under which the Scots laboured with regard to their trade. This discontent was to bear fruit, as we shall see, in the next reign.

Silver Bleeding Bowl

CHAPTER XVI

THE JACOBITES IN IRELAND (1689-1691)

IN England, as we have seen, the Revolution had come to pass without the shedding of one drop of blood. In Scotland there had been a sharp struggle which was soon over. In Ireland, on the other hand, it gave rise to a terrible civil war. For in Ireland alone were the majority of the people Roman Catholics, and bound therefore to support a Roman Catholic King, in which they had the full support of Louis XIV. of France. Besides this, Ireland, you will remember, had never been at peace throughout this period save for a lull during the reign of Charles II., and ill-feeling between Saxons and Celts, Protestants and Papists, was always on the point of kindling into an outbreak of hostility.

So when the Earl of Tyrconnel, descendant of a line of rebels, offered to raise the country on behalf of James, the exiled King gladly received him, and promised to bring in French troops to Ireland's aid in throwing off the yoke of the Dutch usurper.

In March, 1689, James entered Dublin and summoned a Catholic parliament. He soon found his position no easy one. To grant the demands of the

Papists, he would have to offend not only his Protestant subjects in Ireland, but those in Scotland and England as well. He had no money and the Irish troops scarcely knew what discipline meant.

Moreover, Londonderry, the chief town of Protestant Ulster, was in open revolt, and James, against the advice of Tyrconnel, was determined to besiege it before doing anything else.

Sitting down before the city, he ordered a strong fort to be built across its harbour, thus cutting it off from outside assistance, and attempted to starve it out. But the people of Londonderry, cheered by a minister named Walker, preferred to eat cats, dogs, and even rats and mice, rather than surrender. "There was but one fat man in the city and he dared not show his face in the streets." Day after day the starving inhabitants strained their eyes across the rough waters of Lough Foyle, but even when the British ships hove in sight it was some weeks before they attempted to break down the barrier. At length this was accomplished, the starving city was relieved, and the Jacobite army departed.

By the end of that year (1689), however, James still held Connaught, Leinster and Munster, and it was rumoured that Louis XIV. was preparing a great fleet to go to his aid. The truth of this was driven home, in the June of 1690, when, through the carelessness of Admiral Lord Torrington, the French admiral not only routed the English fleet, but rode triumphant master of the Channel.

Meantime, however, William had managed to evade the French ships and to land his troops in Ireland, where it was evident the matter must be fought out.

The troops of James were drawn up on the banks of the River Boyne, and there the English army faced him on the 1st of July 1689. "I am glad to see you, gentlemen," laughed William, when he saw their position, "and if you escape me now, the fault will be mine."

The fight was hard, and the English general, Schomberg, was slain; but the Irish infantry could not stand against William's disciplined men. Seeing this, James promptly deserted his troops and fled to Dublin, where Lady Tyrconnel received him. He endeavoured to throw the blame upon the Irish. "Your countrymen, madam, can run very fast," he said; to which she replied: "Your Majesty excels them in this, as in everything else; you were here first!"

"Change kings with us and we will fight you all over again!" cried the defeated soldiers to their conquerors (1690).

The hopes of James in Ireland were practically over, yet once again did the brave Patrick Sarsfield take up the Jacobite cause and save Limerick from the English; but even Limerick had to be surrendered next year, though on honourable terms of peace. Those Irish Jacobites who wished it were allowed to retire to France, where they formed, in after years, the famous Irish Brigade, always in the forefront in the wars of Louis XIV.

Pastry Roller of Carved Wood

CHAPTER XVII

LE GRAND MONARQUE (1643-1715)

THROUGHOUT almost the whole of this period, from the time of Charles I. to the reign of George I., France was ruled by King Louis XIV., a sovereign who was to be known to future ages by the proud title of "Le Grand Monarque."

During the early years of his long reign, when Louis was growing up, he had little to do with English affairs, but when in later days he stood forth as a second Charlemagne, determined to carve out for France a great European empire, it was, as we shall see, with England and English troops that he had finally to reckon.

The foundations of Louis' influence and success were laid before the Restoration, by the formation of a great army, and a well-equipped fleet; by the making of bridges and canals, by the encouragement of trade and

Coffee-house in the Reign of Queen Anne

the enriching of the country. When all these things were done, the time was ripe for carrying out his plan. This was nothing less than the extension of the French borders until the greater part of Europe was united under the crown of France. First and foremost he wished to annex Spain, but before this could be done he found he had to reckon with a country, insignificant in size, yet rich in resources, which had once been the dependent of the Spanish kingdom.

Since the previous century, when Holland had shaken herself free of Spanish dominion, that little republic had thrived apace. We have already seen how she had threatened England with her sturdy warships in the days of Cromwell, and of Charles II. Perhaps her naval success had partly turned the heads of her leaders; for, just at this time, when Louis was making preparations for a land invasion, the "naval party," under two brothers called De Witt, were content to strengthen their fleet and look well to the protection of their strip of coast, while they left the frontiers almost unprotected.

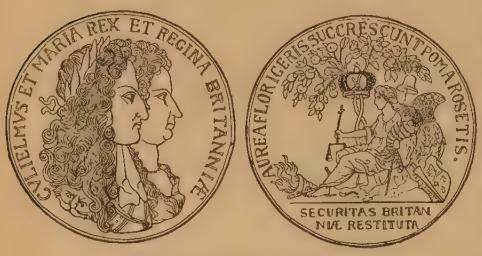
So, when the great French army marched upon Holland through the already conquered province of Flanders, it seemed as though the Republic must fall an easy prey. Fortunately Louis delayed his advance in order to garrison the forts already taken, and this gave the Dutch time to collect their forces.

The unfortunate De Witts were seized and brutally murdered as traitors to their country, by an infuriated mob, and, almost in the same breath as they were condemned, William, Prince of Orange was acclaimed Stadtholder, or President, and General of the Forces. The character of this man, destined sixteen years later to be

King of England, is seen in the reply made by him to those who asked him, trembling, "What shall we do in the face of this vast French army?"

"We shall die in the last ditch!" was his answer.

His task indeed seemed hopeless, for many of the Dutch soldiers were making their way to the fleet and planning to escape from the doomed land. Only the sternest commands of William restrained them, and very unwillingly they returned to his side and listened to his instructions. These were startling indeed, for he bade them pierce the dykes, the high walls which keep the sea from overflowing the land, and flood the whole country with its unwelcome invaders.


GVILELMVS ET MARIA REX ET REGINA BRITANNIÆ
AUREA FLORIGERIS SUCCRESCUNT POMA ROSETIS
SECURITAS BRITAN NIÆ RESTITUTA

Medal of William and Mary

In utter confusion the French army retreated before the oncoming waters, and left the proposed conquest to their fleet. It was the period that followed the Secret Treaty of Dover, by which Charles II. of England had promised Louis to aid him against a country with which he was openly in alliance; and so there were English vessels among those that rode the North Sea. But a great storm shattered both French and English fleets, and De Ruyter, the Dutch admiral, after dispersing all that was left of them, brought in his warships in triumph to the watery plain where lately had stood the city of Amsterdam.

Thus Holland was saved from Louis' grasp; but

this was by no means the end of her part in the conflict.

It was clear that, if Louis was to be prevented from overrunning Europe, a hard-and-fast barrier must be set in his path. For the next six years, therefore, while Charles II. was enjoying inglorious ease as Louis' "pensioner," William was hard at work getting the powers of Europe to combine against France, and fighting himself to keep Louis from the borders of his own little land. Although he was only just able to hold his own, yet that he kept Louis occupied in this way, and thus prevented him from extending his empire, was a most important fact.

The treaty that ended this part of the French war left things much as they had been at first, save that, just before its completion, Holland and England were drawn into closer connection by the marriage of William to Mary, elder daughter of James Stuart, the future King of England.

This was but one more step toward checking the power of France, the lifelong aim of William; and was displeasing enough to Louis. Eleven years later, as we have seen, the English crown was offered to William and Mary in place of the dethroned James II.; and this happened at the very time when Louis was preparing to face all Europe with an invincible army.

Fortunately for England, his first point of attack was not Holland but the Rhine Provinces of Germany, and this gave William the opportunity of bringing over to this country the army that was necessary to ensure success. It was not actually employed, it is true, but its reputation was enough to overawe the "standing

army" which James had created to support him, and to bring about the "Bloodless Revolution."

When this was complete, William's attention was at once turned to the movements of Louis on the Continent. As we have seen, the affairs of England were at no time of such importance to him as affairs abroad; in fact we may say that his chief desire in becoming King was to use this country as a means of furthering his one great aim.

From this time, therefore (1690), we find England standing in open antagonism to France, while Louis, on the other hand, supported the Stuart cause and fostered rebellions against her ruling powers whenever opportunity arose. It was he who upheld the Irish Jacobites in the struggle of which we read in the last chapter; and his fleet which attacked that of England off La Hogue (1692) three years later, in the hope of invading England and restoring James to the throne. The defeat of the French fleet at this battle may be regarded as the first of the steps which led to the naval supremacy of England in the long French war.

Meantime Louis was winning so many battles in Flanders and Germany that Luxembourg, the Commander of his Forces, was called the "Upholsterer of Notre Dame," because of the number of the enemy's flags with which he decked the walls of that cathedral. Year after year William crossed from England with his army of mingled Dutch and English troops to meet him, but he could do little more than check the advance of Louis; to drive him back within his own borders seemed impossible. Yet little by little the forces that seemed so invincible were weakening; and in 1697 the Peace of Ryswick obliged Louis to give

Battle of La Hogue

up his conquests and to acknowledge William as King of England.

It was during these last years that what is known as *Party Government* began to exist in this land.

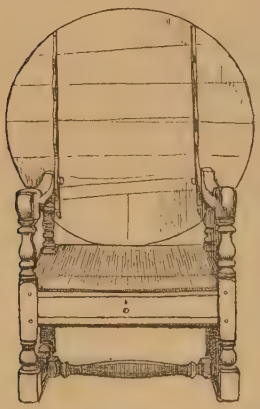
The country had for some time been divided into two factions, much as it had been in the Cavalier and Roundhead days, one of which, the Tory faction, disapproved secretly of William as King, and openly of his policy of incessant war with France. The other, the Whig faction, were his firm supporters, and so, at this time, William gave up the old plan of choosing his ministers from both parties, and by degrees filled all their places with Whigs.

A year after the Peace, however, when a sense of security had brought in a Tory Parliament to reduce the army, Louis once more threw all Europe into a state of panic by threatening to seize the crown of Spain for his grandson on the death of the reigning king. In 1700 this Philip Bourbon actually became the ruler of Spain; but, while England still hesitated to support William against this new encroachment of the French power, James II. died, and Louis at once recognised his son, James Edward, the "Old Pretender," as the true King of England. This step promptly brought the English to a sense of their peril, and William might have led as vast an army as his heart could desire against his lifelong foe, had not death intervened in the year 1702.

As King of England William was uninteresting enough; as a great statesman and soldier he is worthy of the highest praise. His foresight was keen enough to see that only by the shattering of Louis' ambitions could England hope either to maintain her supremacy

by sea or, what is almost the same thing, to build up a great empire abroad.

"With infinite patience, against great odds, in despite of faction, of defeat, of broken health, he had carried on his lifelong struggle to curb the overweening ambition of the French king. He had saved Holland; he had saved England; now, thanks to his handiwork and to the folly of Louis, Europe was about to save herself" (Innes: "History of England").



Chair Table

His sword as a leader of men at once fell into the hands of Marlborough, the dreaded "Malbrouk" of the French peasant soldiers. Against him stood the combined forces of France and Spain, and also Bavaria. The chief of those in alliance with him was the Emperor of Austria, and the scene of the war was mainly in Flanders and Bavaria, while the English fleets harassed the coasts of Spain.

The great aim of Louis was to seize Vienna, the central stronghold of the Emperor, and thus to crush the power of the Allies; and Marlborough alone could save the city.

But to conduct the Dutch and English army thither would leave the Netherlands unguarded, and to this the English Government would not agree. Marlborough, however, was determined to have his way. Pretending to march south along the borders of the Netherlands, he suddenly turned to Bavaria, joined the

Austrian leader, Eugene of Savoy, and cut off the advance of the French army on Vienna. The "famous victory" won on that day at Blenheim shook the power of Louis to its very foundations. It only needed the capture of Gibraltar that same year, and the winning of a great victory in the Netherlands a year later, to make Louis propose terms of peace.

These were not accepted, and France, ruined, starving, and worn out with incessant wars, returned once more to the attack. Two more great victories were won by Marlborough before Louis again could bring himself to ask for peace. This was hastened by the action of the Tory party, now in power, which was working its utmost to bring about the fall of Marlborough. Its practical outcome was the Treaty of Utrecht (1713), important because it added to the firm foundation of the British empire abroad.

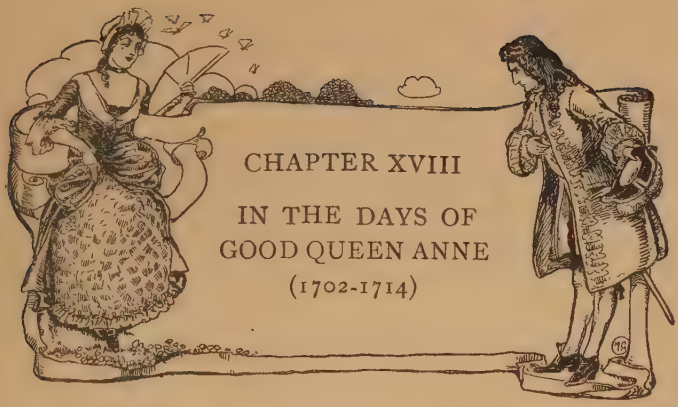
Britain was to maintain her hold over the Mediterranean by keeping her captures of Gibraltar and Minorca; in North America, where French power had been supreme north of the River St Lawrence, she was to hold Hudson's Bay, Newfoundland and Acadia, henceforth to be known as Nova Scotia, and Louis was, moreover, to acknowledge Anne, and her successors, and to dismiss the Old Pretender from France.

So ended the war which had harassed Europe for more than forty years. It had ruined France, which was described by a writer of those days as "a great hospital with no food in it."

Two years after the Peace, "Le Grand Monarque" himself passed away. He had seen his son, his grandson and his great-grandson die within a few months of

each other, and knew that his power, once so vast, must fall into the hands of a weak young boy. To him, just before he breathed his last, he spoke these striking words: "You are soon to be king of a great country. What I commend most earnestly to you is never to forget the obligations you owe to God. Remember that you owe all you are to Him. Try to keep peace with your neighbours; I have been too fond of war; do not imitate me in that. Take counsel on all questions and try to know the best so as always to follow it. Relieve your people as speedily as possible, and do what I have had the misfortune not to be able to do myself."

So, with confession of failure on his lips, died the old lion of France, whose ambitions had so affected the affairs of England during the past forty years.



CHAPTER XVIII

IN THE DAYS OF GOOD QUEEN ANNE (1702-1714)

KING WILLIAM III. died, as we have seen, in 1702, having been thrown from his horse by the latter's stumbling over a molehill. From this time it became the custom of the Jacobites to drink the health of "the little gentleman in black velvet," and to look forward confidently to the accession of James Edward, son of James II. But for a time they were content to wait in patience, since the wheel of fate had now restored the direct line of the Stuart sovereigns, in the person of Anne, the daughter of James.

The reign of this Queen, one of the dullest of her race, is in many respects one of the most brilliant in history and literature. Under the Duke of Marlborough the English flag was everywhere victorious abroad; at home the essays of Addison, the witty satires of Pope and Swift, the novels of Defoe were alone sufficient to make the "Age of Anne" remarkable.

Apart, however, from the great foreign war that gave

us Gibraltar and Minorca, Newfoundland and Hudson's Bay, there are few important events to record, and interest lies in the people rather than in the facts of this period.

Early in the reign, indeed, it seemed as if the old spirit of rebellion in Scotland was reviving; for in 1703 the Scots passed in their Parliament an Act of Security declaring that they would, after the Queen's death, elect their own sovereign, unless some greater consideration were shown for their trade and religion. England at once met the Scots more than half way. An Act of Union was brought in and carried, by which the Scots were to keep Presbyterianism as their established faith; their commerce was to be freed from all restrictions; forty-five Scottish members were to sit in the House of Commons, sixteen peers in the House of Lords (1707).

Hackney Coachman

This was "Union" indeed, though Scotland lost none of her independence and gained prosperity and peace. But the "sorrowful Act" which substituted the name of Britain for England and Scotland was a cause of bitterness for many a long year to those who still held loyally to the cause of the Stuarts.

The reign of Anne itself falls into two periods, according to which woman friend happened at the time to have the Queen under her influence. For Anne, married as she was to that dull and "heavy prince," George of Denmark, and depressed at the loss of all her many children in infancy or childhood, turned for comfort and amusement to a companion of her own sex, who, for the time, became, for practical purposes, her

ruler. This would have mattered the less, however, because, by this time, as we have seen, the actual government had to some extent passed away from the sovereign into the hands of ministers of state; but in the case of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, Anne's first favourite, her influence over her royal mistress was of great importance, since the Duke, her husband, held the first place in the kingdom, and on him depended the great struggle abroad. The nation, therefore, knowing of the strong attachment between Anne and the great Whig Duchess, an attachment so strong that they had for years been "Mrs Morley" and "Mrs Freeman" to one another, looked on with anxiety as to what would happen when the Princess Anne became Queen.

The accession of Anne was, curiously enough, however, really the turning point in the favour shown to Duchess Sarah. With the Queen's new dignities came a new desire to think for herself—a somewhat fatal thing in the case of a dull and narrow-minded person.

When her witty friend jeered at the Church she revered, and at the Tories, who were trying to put a stop to the expensive war, the Queen fired up on their behalf, and though a threat of resigning her office as Mistress of the Robes soon reduced this flash of spirit it left a drop of bitterness behind. The Queen indeed still writes in most affectionate wise: "As for your poor unfortunate Morley she could not bear [your loss]; for if you should forsake me I would have nothing more to do with the world, but make another abdication: *for what is a crown when the support of it is gone?*" Then came a rush of public feeling in favour of the Marlboroughs, when "a scrap of crumpled paper, torn

off in haste from a memorandum-book on the field and scribbled over with an inn reckoning on the other side," announced the glorious victory of Blenheim.

Great thanksgiving services were held at St Paul's; the crown lands of Woodstock were handed over to the Duke, and at the royal expense the Palace of Blenheim was built there for his use.

The Brank (for Scolds)

But in the days that followed that year of triumph, 1704, the influence of the witty, strong-minded Sarah over the Queen began to fail. It was not until 1707, indeed, that we actually hear of her supplanter, the smooth-tongued, velvet-shod Abigail Masham, whose first name has descended to the whole class of waiting-maids since her time. This woman was a poor cousin of Duchess Sarah, and had by her been placed among the women of the Queen's bedchamber, a kindness she repaid by winning the ear of Anne by her flattery and wiles, and then turning her against her former friend.

The political importance of the matter lay in the fact that Mrs Masham was a connection of Harley, who with St John, the future Lord Bolingbroke, were the representatives of the Tory party, as Marlborough was of the Whigs.

Three years after the first appearance of Mrs Masham on the scene, the relations between Queen and Duchess had reached breaking-point. The latter describes in her "Memoirs" how she went to Kensington Palace to demand an explanation and to explain away a letter in which she had incautiously said that she expected

The Duchess of Marlborough pleading with Anne

no answer from the Queen, since none was possible. In a mood of utter obstinacy Anne replied to all her explanations, protestations, and finally to her tears: "You desired no answer and you shall have none"—an episode that reminds us irresistibly of the catch-words so often repeated by her great-grandfather, James I. This was the last conversation between them, if conversation it can be called; immediately after, the Queen sent a message demanding that the gold key, the symbol of her office, be returned. "When the Duke told her that the Queen expected the Gold Key, she took it from her side and threw it into the middle of the room, and bid him take it up and carry it to whom he pleased."

The outcome of this petty quarrel was the dismissal of Marlborough from office at the end of 1711.

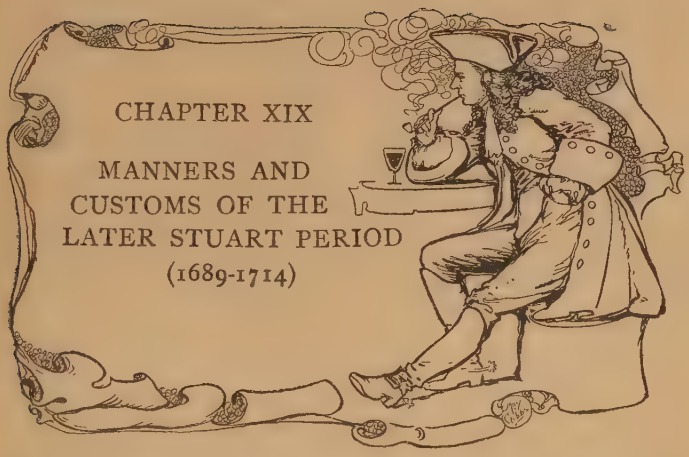
The poor foolish Queen then fell entirely into the hands of the cunning Abigail, and the affairs of the nation into the hands of Harley and St John, and this combination served to make her last years unhappy enough.

"The queen hunts in a chaise with one horse which she drives herself, and drives furiously like Jehu," says Dean Swift of her in these days, and one is reminded of the legendary hero who was pursued always by the Furies as he drove. The quarrels between Harley and St John, which were not stilled even in her death-chamber, the wranglings over her possible successor, the pretensions of her brother, James Stuart, to the throne, the loss of the one woman friend whom she had really loved and respected—all these things served to darken the last days of the Queen.

THE STRUGGLE WITH THE CROWN

In 1714, when she died, the ill-fated Stuart dynasty came to an end, for by the Act of Succession George of Hanover was to be the next king.

Mourning Horse



CHAPTER XIX

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE LATER STUART PERIOD (1689-1714)

LET us see what changes had now come about during this period.

First and foremost, a very long step had been taken toward the change foreshadowed in the first page of this book, *the passing of the governing power from the King to the Parliament.*

To bring this fully about was to be the work of the next period; but the way had been prepared, as much by the dullness and incapacity of Anne as by the obstinacy and self-will of her father and grandfather. One of the most striking proofs of this change will be seen in the famous Bill of Rights, passed in the year that saw William and Mary firmly settled on the throne (1689).

This "Charter of Liberties" made illegal all those means—such as a standing army, the levying of taxes, and the "dispensing," or doing away, with an existing law—by which James had tried to make himeslf an

absolute king. It declared that Parliament had a right to meet often, to speak its mind without fear of consequences; and that subjects had a right to petition their sovereign. Two years later the Act not only settled who were to be the next heirs to the throne after Anne, but provided that the King should not be absent from England without consent of Parliament, and should not employ a foreign army, or force England to fight against his foes abroad in defence of his possessions on the Continent.

Queen Anne Farthing

From that time "law" in England became supreme: and, once passed by King and Lords and Commons, not even the monarch himself could set it aside. Thus Parliament had now called "Checkmate" to its sovereign.

This period had also seen the passing of the "Merrie England" of Elizabeth's days, which had extended well into the reign of James I.

Puritanism had killed the sports on the village green, the cock-fighting and bear-baiting on "holy-days" and Sundays, and the Civil War had turned the joyous 'prentice lads into soldiers. The labourers and middle classes now took their pleasures sadly, and their children were often brought up to consider even the most innocent enjoyment as wrongdoing.

People of higher rank, however, played at tennis, bowls and archery, and spent most of their evenings at the play; and in that fact we see the strong line that remained drawn between what are sometimes called the upper and lower classes. An amusing

instance of the authority wielded by a landlord over his tenants is seen in Addison's picture of the typical country gentleman, Sir Roger de Coverley, at church.

"As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it beside himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it, he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them.

Chair of the Period

"Several other of the old knight's peculiarities break out on these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing-psalm half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes he stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

"I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews it seems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion.

"The authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner . . . has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behaviour.

"As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of church.

The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then enquires how such an one's wife or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent."

Education for the poor, and for women of any class, was almost unheard of. To read aloud or to spell was considered an unusual accomplishment even for a queen.

Gentlemen of the time of James II.

The dress of the latter part of this period was, for the most part, merely a development of the French fashions introduced by the Court of Charles II. at the Restoration.

Coats with long stiffened skirts, embroidered waistcoats and large square cuffs, with cocked hat, sword and cane, formed the dress of the ordinary well-to-do citizen, who wore also a large wig and his face clean-shaven. Ladies wore dresses of chintz, calico, or other cotton materials, with bodices laced in front, and very wide furbelowed skirts, distended by huge hoops. Muffs were carried by both men and women.

Addison has some witty hits at certain extravagances of costume in his delightful essays.

"There is not so variable a thing in nature," he says, "as a lady's headdress: within my own memory I have known it rise and fall above thirty degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great height, insomuch that the women were much taller than the men. At present the whole sex is in a manner dwarfed and

Sir Roger de Coverley in Church

shrunk into a race of beauties that seems almost another species."

At the opera "at the theatre in the Hay Market," he sees two parties of ladies "drawn up in a kind of battle array against one another. After a short survey of them I found they were *patched differently*; the faces on the one hand being spotted on the right side of the

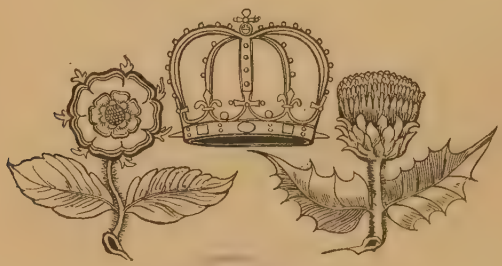
Gentlefolk of the Period

forehead, and those upon the other on the left. I quickly perceived that their patches were placed in those different situations, as party signals to distinguish friends from foes."

He speaks in another place of the "little muff now in fashion," and the "fringed gloves"; and urges the ladies "not to dress themselves in a hat and feather, a riding coat and a periwig, or at least tie up their hair in a bag or ribbon, in imitation of the smart part of the opposite sex."

Manners, at the end of this period, had not improved in any striking fashion. An early eighteenth-century book of manners warns the visitor "not to wipe his knife or fork on his bread or the cloth, but on the table-napkin," then the latest novelty. On the sideboard stood a basin in which they might wash their spoon if need be, "since some are so particular that they will not endure a spoon to be used in two several dishes." He is warned also "not to pick his teeth at table with knife or fork."

In spite, however, of these elementary notions of behaviour and education, one thing is clear: the nation, which had been in the heyday of its youth during the sixteenth century, had now passed through its stormy period of adolescence, and had "grown up." Frivolous, empty, irreligious though the Age of Anne might be, there were yet indications of deeper thought, of more responsible action, and of wider aims, both at home and abroad, than had been seen in any of the earlier years of the Stuart Period.



CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

A.D.	
1603	Accession of James I.
	Millenary Petition.
	Main and Bye Plots.
1604	Hampton Court Conference.
1605	Gunpowder Plot.
1606	Colonisation of Virginia.
1617	Raleigh's Expedition to Guiana.
1618	Execution of Raleigh.
1620	Voyage of the *Mayflower*.
1625	Accession of Charles I.
1626	Commons attack Buckingham.
1627	Failure of Rochelle Expedition.
1628	Petition of Right.
1629	Parliament dissolved.
1633	Laud made Archbishop. Wentworth goes to Ireland.
1634-1636	Ship-money levied.
1636	Hampden refuses to pay Ship-money.
1638-1640	Rising in Scotland.
1640	Long Parliament meets.
	Strafford and Laud impeached.
1641	Strafford executed.
1642	Battle of Edgehill.
1643	Battle of Chalgrove Field. Death of Hampden.
	First Battle of Newbury.
1644	Battle of Marston Moor.
	Second Battle of Newbury.
1645	Battle of Naseby.
	Battle of Philiphaugh.

A.D.

1647 Charles a Prisoner at Carisbrooke.
1648 Battle of Preston.
Pride's Purge.
1649 Trial and Execution of Charles I.
Commonwealth proclaimed.
1650 Execution of Montrose.
Battle of Dunbar.
1651 Battle of Worcester.
1652 War with Holland.
1653 Barebones' Parliament.
Cromwell made Lord Protector.
1655 England ruled by Major-Generals.
Capture of Jamaica.
1658 Death of Cromwell. Richard Cromwell Protector.
1660 The Restoration. Charles II. King.
1661 Corporation Act.
1662 The Third Act of Uniformity.
1665 Five Mile Act.
Plague of London.
1666 Fire of London.
1665-1667 War with Holland.
1670 Secret Treaty of Dover.
1678 The Popish Plot.
1683 Rye House Plot.
1685 Accession of James II. Battle of Sedgemoor.
1687 Declaration of Indulgence.
1688 Trial of the Seven Bishops.
Flight of James.
1689 William III. and Mary declared King and Queen.
Battle of Killiecrankie.
Siege of Londonderry.
1689 Grand Alliance against France.
1690 Battle of the Boyne.
1692 Massacre of Glencoe.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

A.D.	
1694	Triennial Act.
1697	Treaty of Ryswick.
1701	Act of Settlement.
1702	Accession of Anne.
1704	Capture of Gibraltar.
	Battle of Blenheim.
1707	Union of England and Scotland.
1710	Tory Ministry.
1713	Treaty of Utrecht.
1714	Death of Anne.

LIST OF SOME OF THE BOOKS CONSULTED IN WRITING THIS VOLUME

"Social England" (Traill).
"Political History of England," vol. vii. (F. C. Montague).
"First Two Stuarts and the Puritan Revolution" (Gardiner).
"History of England, 1603-1642" (Gardiner).
"History of England" (Innes).
"King and Parliament" (Wakeling).
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"Oliver Cromwell" (Firth).
"Ollver Cromwell" (Morley).
"History of the Rebellion" (Clarendon).
"History of the Great Civil War" (Gardiner).
"Personal Government of Charles I." (Gardiner).
"History of the Commonwealth" (Gardiner).
"Cromwell's Letters" (Carlyle).
"Reign of Queen Anne" (Justin M'Carthy).
"Reign of Queen Anne" (E. E. Morris).
"William the Third" (Traill).
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